



Volume VI  
Number II

# CHILD LIFE

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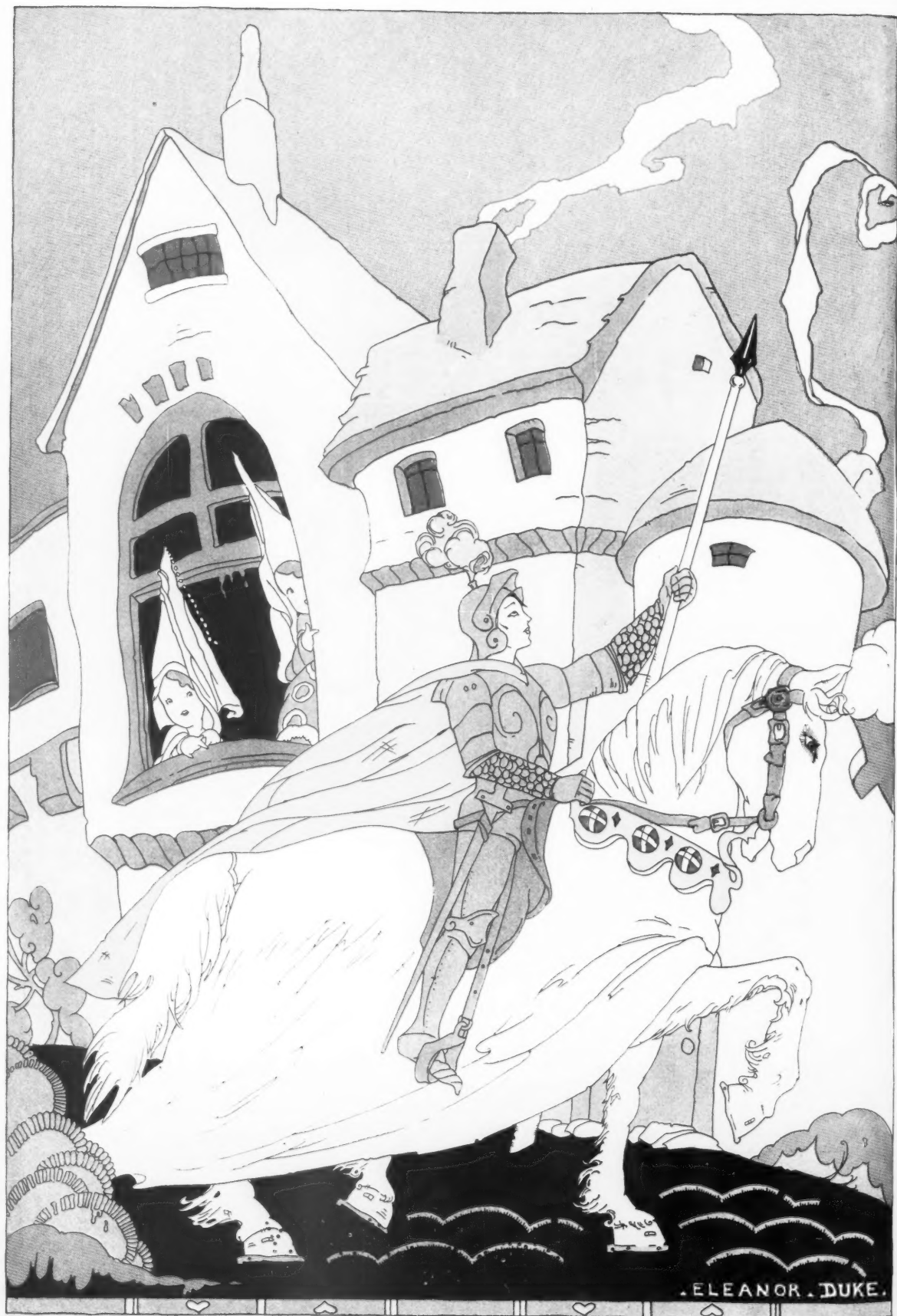
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ILLUSTRATION

## ROMANCE

HELEN WING

**I**F I had lived long years ago  
I might have been a knight  
Who rode a dancing, prancing horse  
With mane of flowing white.

And when I wore my scarlet cape  
All trimmed with pearls and jet,  
I should have been a dazzling sight  
To ladies that I met.

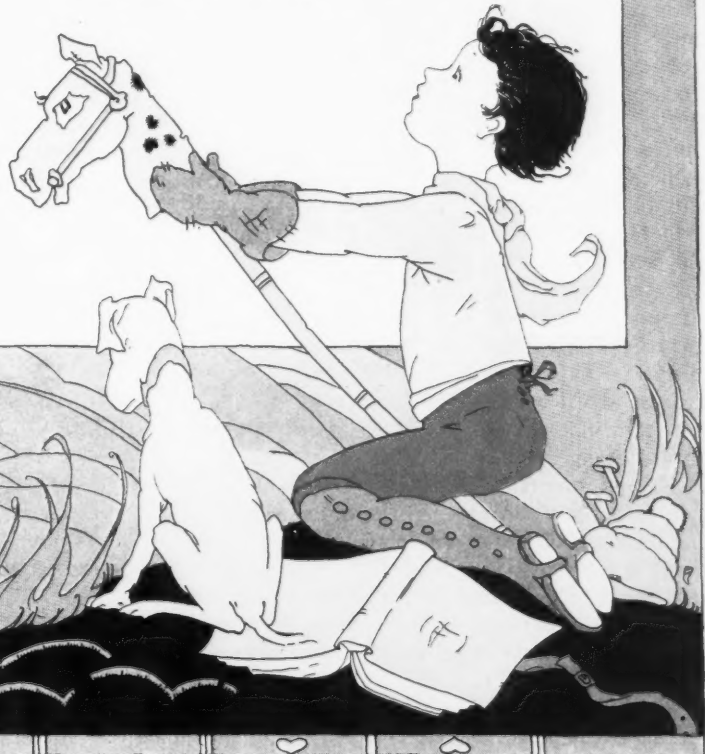
And some would peek from windowpanes  
To blow a kiss to me  
While I went clanking grandly by,  
Pretending not to see.

But when inside a castle wall  
I found a princess fair,  
I'd give her bangles for her neck  
And diamonds for her hair.

Then I would pull my reins and ride  
A-gallop back to town  
And feel the plume upon my hat  
Go swishing up and down.

But I am not a knight at all,  
I'm just a freckled boy;  
The only horse I've ridden  
Is a painted wooden toy.

But yet I feel romantic,  
'Cause it's Valentine's to-day,  
And I just left one at *her* door  
And then I ran away!



## ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S CHILDHOOD HOME

THE south wind blew  
with springtime sweet-

ness; the sun sparkled, promising warmth and joy, and there was a stir of happiness in the woods that could be felt by every creature and tree and shrub. The storm was over! Spring would soon be here!

The crude door of a little cabin on the hill swung open; two children came scampering out and raced down the hillside to the old spring. In their hands each carried a gourd which they were to fill with clear water and carry back to the cabin. But the sunshine was so golden, the air so fine that they played a bit as they ran, even though they were thirsty as could be for a good fresh drink.

For three days a terrible storm had raged—not so much snow as earlier in the winter, to be sure, but bitter winds and sleet—and the children had been shut up tight in the one-room cabin. Of course, that was fun in a way, for there was a log fire and their mother always knew stories to tell. But even fires and stories get tiresome at the end of a cold winter when one has been shut up day after day in a one-room cabin and when the wood pile is so low that one has to skimp the fire and there is pitifully little to eat. No wonder the children were more than glad to see warm-looking sunshine and to hear their father say, "Well! This sun looks as though the backbone of the winter is broken. I guess spring's coming!"

If you had been looking out from a safe hiding place, behind the biggest beech tree, perhaps, you could hardly have kept from exclaiming at the strange dress those two children wore. Likely as not you would have said to yourself, "What country is this, anyway?" Then you would have remem-

bered that it was Kentucky,

right in the very middle of

America, and that it was the pioneer time of more than a hundred years ago when there were few stores, no mills, and no shoe factories in that part of the country. The children wore moccasins their mother had made from skins of woods creatures. They had furry little caps of coon skin, pulled down tight over their ears—for the air was chilly yet in spite of the sunshine—and furry coats, not very shapely but cozy and warm, none the less.

The little girl was about seven; her full-skirted dress of dull-colored homespun showed below her fur coat as she raced along beside her brother. The

boy was five his last birthday and that event had been celebrated only a short time before by a birthday dinner of wheat bread instead of the daily corn-dodgers. Unless you were told, you never would have guessed that he was only five, for he was almost as tall as his sister and he looked so strong and ran so fast. He wore breeches of leather, home-made, of course, and they were so very short that you easily could tell just how much he had grown since his mother had made them last autumn.

All through the hills of Kentucky, that sunny morning, girls and boys ran out of little cabins, just as these two children did; fetched water for their

mother and played in the warm sunshine. Likely as not we might never have thought much about them but for the fact that this particular little five-year-old boy grew up to be one of the most famous and most loved men of all time—Abraham Lincoln. Because it was his home, we love the hills of Kentucky and want to know all we can about the home where he lived.

It was a tiny little cabin, only fourteen feet square.





That would seem very small to us now, but it was quite as nice as most of the homes of his neighbors and no doubt the Lincoln children thought it was as big and comfortable a home as anyone needed. If you want to know how big the cabin was, take your foot rule and measure fourteen feet in your living room; then measure fourteen feet the other way to get a square. Now imagine four people living, sleeping, washing and eating all in that one small space. Certainly they must have all four been very good friends and been very kind to each other, for Abraham had a very happy time in his home and you can easily see that four people could never have been happy in that small space unless they were loving and kind—there simply wasn't room for anything else!

At one side of the cabin was the fireplace with the hanging kettle and the spit for roasting meat. Just a little to the left was the wood pile—the indoor wood pile. From the time he was old enough to carry one small piece of wood it had been Abraham's business to keep wood there, handy for his mother to lay on the fire. He had to bring it from the big wood pile out-of-doors. Now that he was as old as five, that out-of-door wood pile was his business, too, for he was big and strong and for many a month had had his own ax and had chopped small trees and brush. And, of course, long before he could be trusted with an ax and with chopping, he had helped his father carry the wood and stack the pile in a straight and narrow line.

All spring and summer and autumn, Abraham had worked at that wood pile, with help from his father when he could spare time from other duties, till, by the time of the first snow storm, it seemed as though there was wood enough to last, oh, maybe forever! But each morning all winter (except when storms kept him indoors) he had carried a few sticks into the cabin, and each noon and each evening till now, this first spring morning, the wood pile was so tiny you could hardly notice it. Abraham looked toward it as he ran down to the spring and thought that as soon as he got back into the cabin his father would say, "Well,

son, I guess we'll get to chopping a bit."

Fortunately, Abraham liked to chop. You might almost think that when he had so much of it, and when he knew he *had* to do it, that he would be tired of it. But he wasn't. He always liked chopping; he enjoyed it much more than hunting, a favorite sport with some of his older boy friends. So his mother's wood pile always had *some* sticks in it, even though on stormy days it did get pretty low.

But the fireplace and wood pile were not the only things in the little cabin. On the opposite side of the room was the big bed. But it wasn't like any bed you ever saw, that's sure! It was made of poles fastened in between the logs that made the wall of the cabin. The "foot" ends of the poles were supported by notched sticks—just the shape of stick boys use nowadays for a sling, only, of course, much larger. Across, back and forth between the poles,

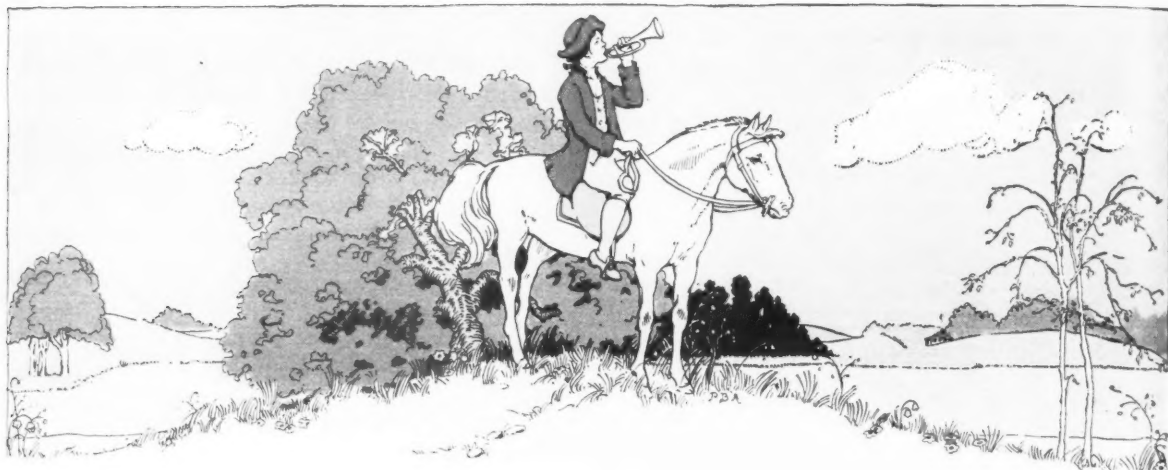
were laced thongs and on the web thus made, the great feather bed was laid. The fact that Mrs. Lincoln had a feather bed shows us that she was modestly well-to-do for those times and that she was a good housewife, for many families in the Kentucky hill country slept on piles of dried leaves. The table and stools in the cabin were homemade, but we are sure they were as nice as could be, for Mr. Lincoln was a carpenter and handy with his tools. There were only a very few pewter dishes and bits of tinware, but those few always were shining and bright.

At the right-hand side of the fireplace was something—you would never guess what! It was half a

log, smoothly whittled on the flat side and some two feet long, maybe. In front of it, on the floor, was a bit of soapstone whittled to a point. You would have to look twice and think hard before it would occur to you that this was the slate on which Abraham and his sister Sarah did their lessons. Every day they stood the log in the back of the fireplace till it was smoky and black and then with the soapstone pencil their mother wrote their lesson of letters and numbers for them to learn. Abraham



(Continued on page 104)



## THE TALKING STOVE

**T**OOOR-loora-loora-lay!" rang the notes of a hunting bugle over the hills and valleys of Virginia one beautiful spring morning in the year 1776. It was the signal which John Sanders had been expecting for an hour or more, and so, only waiting for the echoes to die down, he lifted his own bugle to his lips and answered happily, "Toot-toot-toot! Toor-a lay!" Then he turned the head of his pony, Boston T, and galloped as fast as he could ride to his home, Sanders Mount, to tell the good news.

"Hooray! Hooray!" he called to his mother as soon as he came within hearing distance. "Father is bringing the hunting party home with him and I think General Washington is with them. I'm almost sure I hear the baying of the Mount Vernon pack. Don't you hear them down in the glen?"

"I hear some hunting dogs," Mrs. Sanders smiled. "But how do you know that they belong to the Mt. Vernon pack?"

"Why, because—because—I guess it's because they're all my friends," answered John with a smile. "Listen, there go Sweet-lips, and Velvet Tongue, Mopsy, and Truelove! Aren't those good names for dogs? General Washington chose them himself. You know, he is very proud of his hunting dogs and he always goes twice a day to the kennels when he is at home."

Not long after, a gaily dressed hunting party came riding down the long, tree-bordered avenue which led to Sandy Mount. And, as John had thought, the Mt. Vernon hounds and General Washington's old huntsman, Willie Lee, led the way.

Most of the ladies in the party were dressed in red riding habits with long skirts which almost reached the ground, and the gentlemen wore bright hunting coats. But John thought that the most distinguished member of the party was a tall, gray-haired gentleman in a dark velveteen

By JANET P. SHAW

riding suit, who rode near the front.

He was six feet, two inches tall and had long been known as the most graceful horseman as well as the most famous soldier in all the colonies—George Washington of Mt. Vernon!

John Sanders' home, Sanders Mount, was a beautiful and stately mansion which had been built on a wooded hill overlooking the Potomac a few miles east of Mt. Vernon. With its graceful columns and shining white paint, it looked at a distance like a carved, marble jewel box set on a cushion of green lace frills. And in many ways, it was a real treasure house, for it was filled with beautiful old furniture and paintings, most of which had been brought from England years before. John loved it dearly and he always felt like saluting when he passed the portraits of Sanders men and women who had served their country bravely and well in past years.

On this particular day, the hunting party had come to Sanders Mount to see a wonderful new invention which had recently been sent from England. It was called a "heating machine" by its maker, but you and I would call it a stove—and not a very good one at that. It was almost as tall as a full-grown man and it was covered with scrolls and curlicues of pressed iron to make it look like a carved chest set on end. As coal had not yet been discovered in America, it had a door at one end large enough to admit a huge log of wood. But, as it had been sent to Mr. Sanders by one of the last royal governors of Virginia and as no one in the Colonies had ever seen such an invention, it was greatly admired by all the visitors.

General Washington was especially interested in the stove, for he was always on the lookout for the newest and best furnishings to make Mt. Vernon comfortable and attractive. So, when he had examined it carefully, he asked, "Friend Sanders,

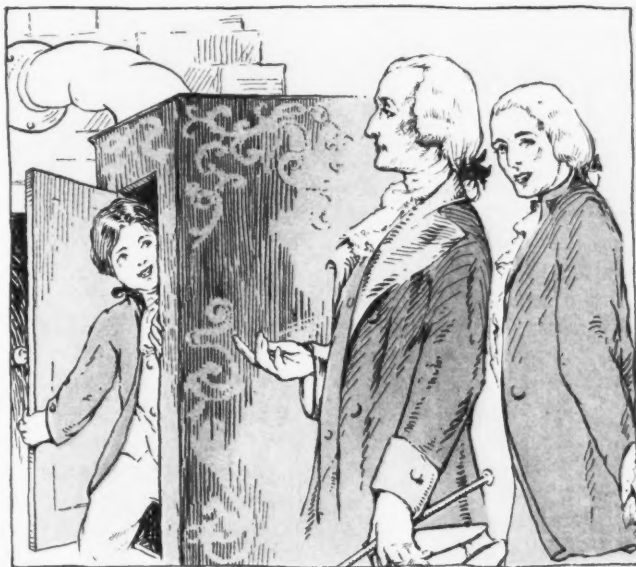
do you really find that great iron box a better way to heat your home than our hospitable Virginia fireplaces?"

"Not at present," answered Mr. Sanders. "Our servants have not yet learned how to care for it very well and they either fill it so full of wood that it becomes red hot and threatens to burn down the house, or else they neglect it and let it smoke itself away until it is cold. But some day I hope we shall learn its various humors and find real comfort in it. In the meantime, the children have found it a famous playfellow. John, will you put it through its tricks?"

Of course, John was only too pleased to entertain such beloved guests in any way that he could. So with a smile of mischief, he opened the big door of the stove and crept into the clean, roomy interior. Then he turned his face toward the pipe which led into the great chimney of the fireplace and began to groan loudly.

"O-o-o-o-oh!" he called. And, to the surprise of everybody, the old chimney answered, "Oh! Oh! Oh! O-o-o-o-oh!" and the noise echoed and re-echoed until it sounded as if all the witches of Halloween were holding a meeting in Sanders Mount. Then John tried to whistle, "Yankee Doodle," and the shrieks and squeals were so funny that all the guests roared with laughter.

"Come out! Come out, Sir Jack-in-the-box!" called General Washington at last. "'Tis a most amusing and talented invention and we must surely buy one for Mt. Vernon when our English cousins have granted us our rights." And when John had scrambled out of his hiding place, he put his arm around the boy's shoulders and led him out into the park for a visit.



John and General Washington had known each other for a long time and were very dear friends. In fact, when John was a tiny baby, only three weeks old, General Washington and Mistress Martha had driven over to Sanders Mount to his christening and had planted two beautiful young cedar trees in honor of their very young neighbor. The trees were now almost nine years old and grown so tall and graceful that they seemed to stand guard over the garden as General Washington protected the nation.

So, of course, they went first to visit the Washington trees and, as they walked along, they talked about

the beauty of Sanders Mount with its magnolia and fruit trees all in bloom and the broad Potomac rippling along at the foot of the hill. But soon, General Washington turned to John and said earnestly, "And what will John Sanders of Sanders Mount do if the colonies declare war against England?"

"Fight beside you and Father, of course, if you'll only let me," answered John stoutly. "Oh, General Washington, don't you think they'll let me enlist? I'm big and strong for my age and I can do a lot to help," he added eagerly.

"I'm afraid not yet," answered the general. "But you'll find plenty to do at home," he added kindly, as he saw John's face fall. "In fact, you may be able to do more for Virginia than we who are fighting in the armies."

Then he explained to John that the country around Chesapeake Bay spreads out like a great fan with the rivers and streams for spokes. "If all our best soldiers go north to fight the enemy there, and the English decide to send a few war vessels to this part of the country, what will happen?" he asked John.

"Why, the enemy ships can sail up the rivers and land almost at our very doors, if they want to!" answered John with dismay.

"Yes, and they can burn Sanders Mount and Mt. Vernon and all the other beloved homes that are situated along our streams before the army in the north even knows what is happening," answered the general sadly. "Unless, of course, the small

band of militia which we can leave behind and you brave boys can do something to prevent it."

Burn Sanders Mount and Mt. Vernon! John never had thought of anything like that, and the tears came to his eyes as he answered, "We will do our very best, General Washington."

That was the last hunting party held before the war, for, only a few weeks later, the colonies declared their independence of England, and Washington was made commander-in-chief of the American

army. And not long after that, Mr. Sanders and most of his friends went north to fight under their old neighbor.

The night before Mr. Sanders left home, he worked for a long time in the library, sorting out family papers and old treasures, and, when it was almost



morning, he came to John's bed and gently wakened him.

Then when John had rubbed the sleep out of his eyes a little, he said, "Son, can you keep a secret which may mean the safety of your mother and all the family?"

He looked so serious that John knew that something very important was about to happen, so he raised himself up in bed and, lifting his right hand the way he had seen witnesses do in the court room at Alexandria, he answered, "I solemnly promise to do so."

"I'm sure you will," answered his father, "and during the war, even boys must learn to bear their share of responsibility. Come with me."

Then, when John had put on his slippers and a long coat, Mr. Sanders led the way to the dark, dewy, fragrant garden. There, under the Washington cedars, they found Mrs. Sanders and a trusted servant with a big chest bound with heavy iron bands.

"In this chest, my son," said Mr. Sanders, "I have put the deed to Sanders Mount and a sum of money, as well as all the jewels and other family treasures which it will hold. You and I will bury it in the rose garden under your own dear trees and if the enemy should destroy our home, you and your mother must come here secretly and obtain the means to reach friends and safety."

Then, when they had safely hidden the chest, he kissed John and his mother good-by and rode off to join his regiment.

After his father left home, John had not many idle hours. Every day he mounted Boston T and galloped down to the post road a mile away to see whether there were any letters from his father or other news of the army. After that, he usually went with his mother to visit the sick, for so many doctors had enlisted in the army that it was necessary for the women who were skillful nurses to take their places and John and his mother often met Mistress Washington on her way to visit rich and poor.

And every day John spent many hours patrolling the river front and watching for the English. But days and weeks and even months came and went and no soldiers of the enemy were seen on the Potomac, and sometimes John was sure they never

would come. And, of course, that was just the time when something did happen.

One afternoon, when Mrs. Sanders went to nurse a sick neighbor, she found her so ill that she decided to stay all night. So John came home alone at dusk, expecting to find Sanders Mount dark and deserted. But, to his surprise when he neared the house, he discovered that all the candles in the big chandelier in the dining room were lighted and men were walking around in the room. At first he thought that his father had come home to surprise them and had brought some of his friends, and he hurried forward. But soon he saw that the men wore red coats and he stopped in dismay. "Oh, dear," he said, "the British have come at last!"

At first, John could think of nothing to do but to ride to the neighbors and ask for help. But the nearest house was a mile away and he knew that before he could gather together enough men to drive away the English, Sanders Mount might be burned to the ground. If his dear home was to be saved, something must be done at once and by him!

In his eagerness, he had crept close to the window and looked inside. He could see the men sitting around the table, devouring his mother's good cakes and pies and roasts, while the leaders talked earnestly. If he could only hear what they were saying, perhaps he might do something, he thought to himself.

Finally he thought of a plan. He would go around to the other side of the house and creep through a window into the unlighted library, the room next to the dining room.

He raised the window easily and soon found himself only a few feet from the soldiers. Then a new danger appeared. The door between the two rooms was open and at any minute, some of the men might decide to enter the library and light the candles. Then what would happen?

When he looked about for a hiding place, he happened

to notice the stove. "Hooray!" he said to himself with relief. "They won't find me there!" and crept inside.

He was just in time. A moment later, some men who had been searching the house came into the library and two soldiers stopped beside the stove







and leaned against it as they talked.

"Oh, dear!" thought John, his teeth almost chattering. "Now they'll catch me like a monkey in a cage! And then what will they do with me?"

But, of course, the men did not dream that a boy was hiding in the stove. And, anyway, they were sure that no one was at home, as they had found the place deserted

when they arrived. So they told John all that he wanted to know—and much more besides.

"There isn't a thing of value left in the house except paintings and furniture which we can't carry away with us!" said one man. "Better dig up the garden and see whether there is a treasure chest or two out there and then pile some hay in the different rooms and set fire to the house. It's time we were on our way to Mt. Vernon. We're sure to find rich pickings there, you know, and there's no time to waste."

Burn Sanders Mount and also take the treasure which meant safety for his mother! Oh dear! In his dismay John sighed aloud, forgetting for the minute the need for quiet. And, of course, as he might have expected, the old house groaned, too—just a little groan like a gust of wind blowing down the chimney. It wasn't much of a sound, but it was weird and strange, and both men started quite involuntarily.

"What was that?" cried one of the soldiers, peering about the dark library with frightened eyes. He was a brave enough man, but the groan, coming so unexpectedly, made him feel uncomfortable—decidedly so.

"Just your imagination," laughed his neighbor, "or an old ghost left behind by the family to guard the treasure we haven't found. Most likely, 'tis a ghost, if those groans mean anything." And he laughed again.

Of course, John expected to be hauled from his hiding place and punished when he heard the noise his groan had produced. But when he heard the men suggesting that he was a ghost, he felt very different, and a very unusual plan popped into his head.

"All right!" he said to himself with a grin. "If they think I'm a ghost, I'll be a good one." And he began to sigh and groan—at first gently, and then loudly and long. And, of course, the sound

echoed through the stovepipe. And before many minutes had passed, John's voice grew louder, and through the rooms floated strange, unearthly sounds which any ghost might be proud of. How John's friends would have laughed at his performance if they could have heard him!

You may be sure that the soldiers didn't spend much more time searching for treasure in Sanders Mount with its big, dark rooms, and its strange, rumbling sounds. There was a rush for the big front door, and the old house saw no more of them. By the time John had scrambled out of the stove and had hurried to the top of the hill overlooking the river, they had reached their boats and were embarking.

John watched them anxiously as they began to row, for one danger yet remained. Would they turn toward the west where beautiful Mt. Vernon lay all unprotected a few miles up the river? Slowly, slowly, the boats moved out to the middle of the river, and then turned—east in the other direction—toward the British fleet which lay a few miles down the river!

"Hooray!" said John, with a sigh of relief. "It will take you a long time to reach Mt. Vernon by that route. And, in the meantime, Boston T and I shall go and tell the neighbors that the enemy have come—and gone!"

And he galloped away on his faithful horse to spread the news.

General Washington was away from Mt. Vernon for seven long years during the war, and so John did not see his friend for a long time. But John's father told the General the whole story and he wrote John several letters, praising him for his bravery and quick-wittedness, and these letters John kept all his life.

And, after the war was over and the great, patriotic generals who had fought under Washington formed a society to which only those might belong who had served their country bravely and well, General Washington sent John a beautiful pin just the same size and shape as those worn by the older men. And what do you think was engraved on it?

You never could guess, I am sure. A tiny *stove*—and the words, "To my honored young friend, John Sanders, from his grateful general, George Washington."

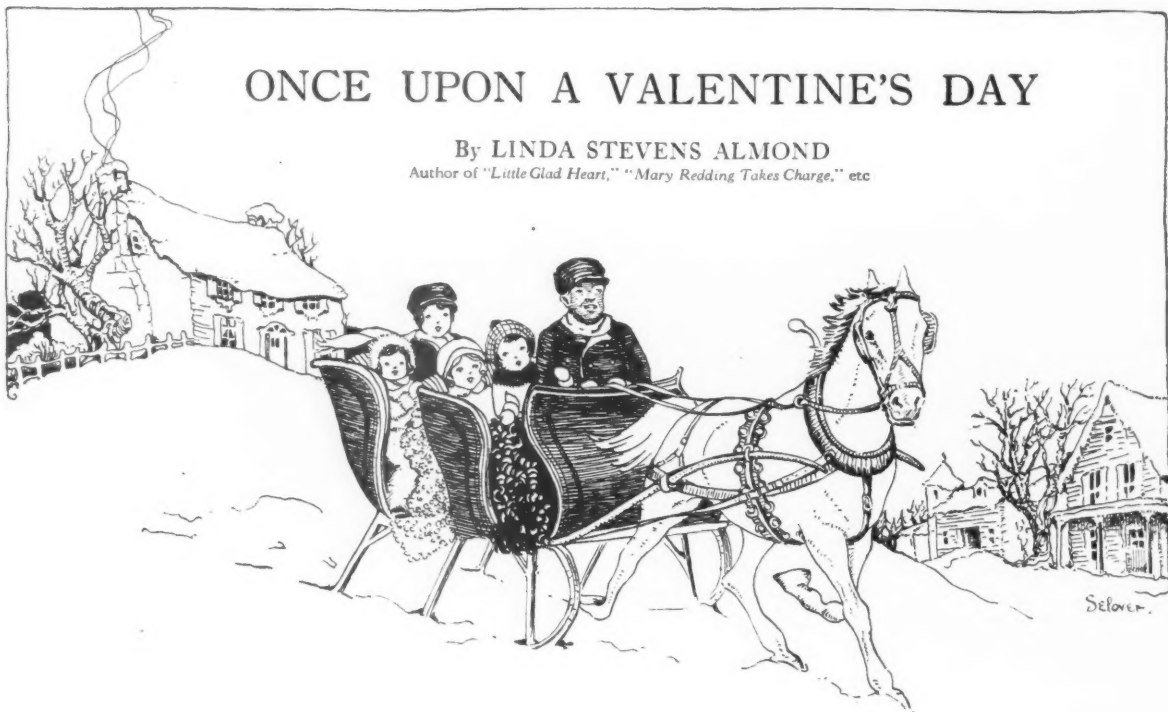
And John thought that was honor enough for any boy. And I am sure that you would have thought so, too.



## ONCE UPON A VALENTINE'S DAY

By LINDA STEVENS ALMOND

Author of "Little Glad Heart," "Mary Redding Takes Charge," etc



THE Curry children, whose names were Harry, Rosalie, Jean, and Betty, lived on a big farm. They went to the country school which was a mile away. In autumn and spring they usually walked, but in winter time Zeke, the colored hired man, took them in the automobile. But whenever there was enough snow on the ground, Zeke harnessed old Caesar to the sleigh and such fun as it was to go skimming like the wind over the satiny snow to the jingle of merry bells!

Valentine's Day was drawing near and great preparations were going on for a celebration which was to be held in the school-house on the afternoon of the 14th. Mother had promised that Betty, who was too little to attend school, should go along and enjoy the fun, and Betty was almost beside herself with joy. She had even made a valentine all by herself for Miss Drake, the teacher. It was a red heart upon which was printed with white crayon—"I LOVE YOU."

But on the morning of Valentine's Day a snow storm was raging. It was out of the question to start for school and Mother was of the opinion that Miss Drake would telephone that the party would be postponed until the next day.

"It won't be Valentine's Day to-morrow," lamented Jean.

"Better to-morrow than not at all," spoke up Harry.

At that moment the telephone bell jingled and, sure enough, it was Miss Drake saying that the party would have to wait until to-morrow.

"To think all of our valentines are at school," wailed Rosalie. "Why, it's our first Valentine's Day without valentines!"

"I have a valentine," chirped Betty, clapping her chubby hands.

"So you have, Betty," said Jean. "I know—it's the one you made all by yourself for Miss Drake. We'll just all enjoy that together."

How it snowed—thick and fast for hours. Mother made molasses taffy which they all helped pull in shiny, golden coils, and they played games galore, so the morning passed ever so swiftly. Then toward noon it suddenly cleared off, and when Zeke came in to look at the fires he asked if they would like to take a sleigh ride. Would they? Such hilarious shouting! As for Betty, she hopped up and down, declaring she was going to make the loveliest valentine she had ever made and give it to Zeke.

Mother cautioned Zeke to be careful; in

all probability there were lots of bad drifts. But Zeke was quite trustworthy. Besides, he knew he had charge of a very valuable cargo. Such a rush getting bundled into sweaters and coats and mufflers and mittens! Betty looked like a fat snowball in her fuzzy white coat and cap and muff and leggings, and she insisted upon carrying her valentine along in her muff because, as she said, it was Valentine's Day. Outside, old Caesar impatiently dug his hoofs in the snow, so eager was he to be off on the frolic. Jean and Rosalie sat in front with Zeke. Betty was put in Harry's care on the tiny back seat, and then with a gay jingling of sleigh bells they went skimming down the road.

Oh, such fun! They began to sing "Jingle Bells" at the top of their voices, that is, all except Betty who did not know the words and she bounced up and down in sheer joy, while Zeke just grinned with delight to be giving these nice Curry children so much pleasure.

"See here, Bouncing Bet, you'd better keep still or the next thing you'll be bouncing out," Harry had to say to Betty. And that was exactly what Betty did—she bounced out! But no one saw her because Jean and Rosalie were looking ahead as they sang "Jingle Bells," and Zeke was busy driving, and Harry had stooped down to look under the lap robe for his glove. Then all of a sudden, when Harry sat up, he yelled, "Where's Betty?"

"Betty? What do you mean?" cried Jean and Rosalie in one breath.

"She has bounced out of the sleigh!" shouted Harry.

"Laws a-mercy!"

cried Zeke, and he stopped old Caesar with a jerk.

Four pairs of frightened eyes scanned the road, back and sides and all around, but Betty was not to be seen. They must go back, so Zeke turned around, driving very slowly for fear of running over the little lost passenger. Poor Jean and Rosalie were on the verge of tears, while Harry sat speechless with fright. Then suddenly, where the road curved, they saw something which looked for the world like a fat and animated snowball. It was Betty! And the minute Betty saw them she began to shriek at the top of her voice.

A woman came rushing out of a cottage near the road. "What has happened, children?" she cried anxiously. And when they tried to tell her, Betty cried all the louder; so she said, "Suppose you come in my house for a little while and we'll see if the little girl is all right."

Jean and Rosalie and Harry jumped out of the sleigh and the lady took Betty by the hand and they went into the house. Zeke drove Caesar up to the hitching post at the gate, covered him all snuggy in a nice warm blanket, and then went into the kitchen.

"Now," said the lady, as they all hovered around Betty, "how are you, little girl?" And she began to take off Betty's things, feeling very carefully her arms and legs and little body.

"Oh, I am sure she is only frightened," went on the lady.

"You see, the snow was soft and she was bundled up like a bug in a rug. I'll tell you what I will do if you will stop crying." (Betty was



still emitting short little sobs.) "I'll show you my valentines. I've saved them since I was a



little girl and I was looking them over again when you tumbled out of the sleigh at my gate. What do you say to that?"

Betty stopped crying at once and smiled through her tears, and Harry and Jean and Rosalie were elated at the suggestion and glad, too, that Betty was

none the worse for her tumble. So off came their things, and they gathered around the table where the lady spread out the valentines. They were mostly of lace paper with hearts and Cupids and roses and forget-me-nots upon them. One valentine which the lady handled with care was in the shape of a heart and said:

"My heart is red,  
Your eyes are blue;  
My love for you  
Is sweet and true."

The children were very sure they were the prettiest valentines they had ever seen, so the lady said they should have one apiece—any except the heart-shaped one. When they had finally made their selection and had thanked the lady many times, they said they must go.

"Could you stay half an hour longer?" suddenly asked the lady, and when they said,

yes, indeedy, they could, the lady went to work and made steaming hot cocoa. And Zeke went to work, too, for an idea had occurred to him, and he cleared paths all around the house and out to the road.

Then when the cocoa was ready, the lady spread a little table and brought forth raisin-dotted cookies from a stone crock and they sat down to a really and truly tea party. It was just like a surprise party, Jean thought, and Rosalie said she had never had so much fun, and Harry said it was just jim-dandy, and Betty whispered in the lady's ear that she loved her. Zeke was not forgotten. Oh, no! When he came in from shoveling the snow, he was treated to the same repast in the kitchen.

At last when it was time to go, Betty, looking like a fat snowball once again, drew something from her muff and gave it to the lady. It was the valentine with "I LOVE YOU" upon it which she had made for Miss Drake. The lady grabbed Betty in her arms and cried, "You lamb! I never had such a sweet valentine!"

After a lot of "good-byes" and a lot of "thank yous" they were packed in the sleigh, and off they started with a jingle-jingle, waving to the lady as long as they could see her.

"I never had so much fun!" cried Jean.

"We owe it all to Betty for bouncing out of the sleigh," laughed Rosalie.

"We'll call her Bouncing Bet after this," teased Harry, giving Betty a squeeze.

And Betty said, "I know what! When I make Zeke's valentine to-night I'll make another one for Miss Drake."



## A VALENTINE

ELEANOR HAMMOND

**F**ROST flowers on the window glass,  
Hopping chickadees that pass,  
Bare old elms that bend and sway,  
Pussywillows, soft and gray,

Silver clouds across the sky,  
Lacy snowflakes flitting by,  
Icicles like fringe in line—  
That is Outdoor's valentine!





# RIGHT-ABOUT RHYMES

by Rebecca McCann



## LITTLE MAY TWEEDY

THERE was a little girl  
And her name was May Tweedy,  
And I don't like to say it,  
But young May was greedy.

When they passed her the cookies  
She always took two,  
Though she knew it was not  
A polite thing to do.

May's teacher at school  
Gave a sleigh ride one day,  
And they rode through the country  
Half-buried in hay.

They stopped by a pond  
In the cold, sparkling air,  
And they skated and slid.  
(Don't you wish we were there?)

They played till their cheeks  
Were as red as a beet,  
But May just kept asking,  
"Oh, when shall we eat?"

They built a big fire  
At the edge of the wood,  
And like little wild bears  
Ate as much as they could.

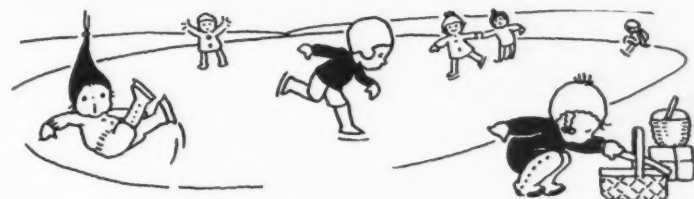
"Now come," said the teacher.  
"The sun's going down.  
It's a long chilly ride  
All the way back to town."

They tumbled in gaily  
And jingled away,  
But in the excitement  
They overlooked May.


For May stayed behind,  
Eating steadily on,  
And when she looked up  
All the others were gone.

She ran down the road  
Through the darkness and snow.  
"It's my fault," she thought.  
"I'm too greedy, I know."

And when she reached home,  
Although many pounds thinner,  
May didn't act greedy  
At all at her dinner.

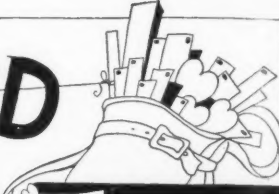



R. M. CANN



# THE SLEEPY CUPID

By **FRANCES CAVANAH**





## CHARACTERS

THE KING OF HEARTS, who is very fat and sleepy. He wears knee breeches, buckled slippers, velvet mantle and doublet or vest that is heart-shaped in the front. On his gold crown are pasted tiny hearts of red.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS wears long, trailing, queenly robes of white, trimmed in tiny hearts of red.

MOTHER GOOSE, JACK HORNER, BO-PEEP, BOY BLUE, TOMMY TUCKER, SIMPLE SIMON, MISS MUFFET and the KNAVE OF HEARTS, dressed as your Mother Goose story book shows them.

DAN CUPID, in a tiny blue suit like the one your postman wears, with tiny pink wings sprouting from his shoulders. He carries a mail bag.

SCENE: The throne room of the King and Queen of Hearts. The King and Queen are seated on their thrones at back, center. To the right of the thrones there is a large chest, to the left a chair and table on which there are writing materials. Mother Goose and Jack Horner stand before the throne.



**KING** (*nodding*): This is serious—very serious, indeed.  
*[He promptly drops off to sleep again.]*

**JACK HORNER**: Dan Cupid started at ten o'clock last night.

**MOTHER GOOSE**: Are you sure? You know he was very tired from filling so many last-minute orders for valentines.

**JACK HORNER**: I talked with him myself and in this very room. As soon as he had rested a few minutes he told me he would be on his way.

**QUEEN**: And the valentines have not arrived on earth.

**KING** (*opening one eye*): Serious—very serious, indeed!

**MOTHER GOOSE**: Your heartiness, I fear that Dan Cupid has been lost—and the valentines with him.

**JACK**: Lost? Dan Cupid knows his way around too well for that.

**QUEEN**: I'm afraid Jack Horner's right. The Cow-That-Jumped-Over-the-Moon has been looking for Dan all morning, and she has found out nothing.

**JACK**: She's a very poor detective then.

**MOTHER GOOSE**: If you are such a good detective, Jack, suppose *you* tell us what the trouble is.

**JACK**: Ah, that is why I asked the Queen of Hearts to summon all the people of the palace. Your heartiness, they are waiting just outside.

**QUEEN**: Throw wide the doors and bid them to come in.

*[JACK obeys and the MOTHER GOOSE people troop in, curtsies or bow before the throne and give a gay, rollicking little dance. We can hear them shout, "Hurrah, the valentines are done!" and "Let's have a celebration! Hurrah! Hurrah!"]*

**KNAVE OF HEARTS** (*capering before the throne*): Oh, your heartiness, have you made any tarts lately?

**BO-PEEP**: Oh, goody! Is this to be a tart-eating party?



**BOY BLUE**: What a fine way to celebrate finishing the valentines!

**SIMPLE SIMON**: A pie-eating party would be more to my liking.

**OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE**: Some broth without any bread would be my choice.

**ONE OF HER CHILDREN**: Well, it wouldn't be ours. Oh, what do you say to a tart-eating contest? Bet I could eat more than anybody here!

**ALL**: Hurrah for our tart-making queen!



QUEEN (*nudging the king*): Now, they have the wrong idea. I haven't any tarts to give them and they think that's why they're here. Can't you wake up and explain it to them?

KING (*rousing himself*): Serious—very serious, indeed.

KNAVE (*beginning his capering again*):

The Queen of Hearts  
She made some tarts,  
All on a summer's day.

JACK (*severely*):

The Knave of Hearts,  
He stole the tarts,  
And took them clean away.

[*The KNAVE draws back, offended, but the QUEEN tries to relieve the situation by shaking her finger at him playfully.*]

QUEEN:

The King of Hearts  
Called for the tarts,  
And beat the Knave full sore.

MOTHER GOOSE (*in her motherly way*):

The Knave of Hearts  
Brought back the tarts,  
And vowed he'd steal no more.

JACK: Yes, and he broke his promise late last night.

[*The MOTHER GOOSE people are astonished.*]

BOY BLUE: Why, what has happened?

QUEEN: The valentines you worked so hard to make have not arrived on earth.

SIMPLE SIMON: Where is Cupid?

QUEEN: No one knows.

JACK: I think I do. He is a prisoner in some dark cave.

BO-PEEP: But why should anybody want to make Dan Cupid a prisoner in some dark cave? Everybody loves him, even when they pretend not to.

JACK: To take away the valentines, of course.

BOY BLUE: But who would do a thing like that?

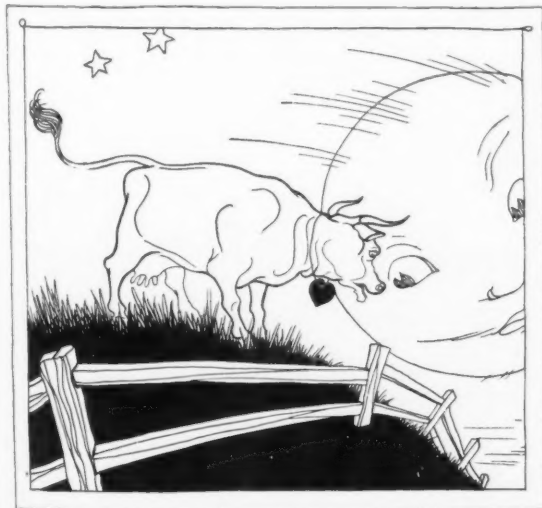
JACK: The one who took the plum from Jack Horner's pie.

MOTHER GOOSE: I always thought you ate the plum yourself.

JACK: The boy who hid the tails of Bo-Peep's sheep.

MOTHER GOOSE: No one hid the tails, Jack Horner. Don't you remember how the sheep came home, wagging their tails behind them?

JACK: The boy who took little Miss Muffet's pet spider.



MOTHER GOOSE: I didn't know she was very fond of the spider.

JACK: The boy who took the tarts made by the Queen herself.

MISS MUFFET: You mean the Knave of Hearts?

BOY BLUE: So he's up to his tricks again!

SIMPLE SIMON: Perhaps he was the one who ate my pie. Oh, if I could only see my little pie again!

KNAVE (*confused*): Mother Goose, what are they saying? What do



they think I've done?

MOTHER GOOSE: They think you've hidden Dan Cupid's valentines.

KNAVE: But I wouldn't do a thing like that. I wouldn't have the children disappointed for anything! I wouldn't—

SIMPLE SIMON: How about that pie of mine?

KNAVE: I didn't see your pie, Simon. I couldn't have. Neither could you, I dare say, a half minute after you bought it.

JACK: How about the tarts you took from the queen's pantry?

KNAVE (*hanging his head*): That was just a joke.

BO-PEEP: An awfully sweet joke, wasn't it? A most delicious joke.

KNAVE (*sadly*): I don't know. I didn't taste them. I don't know whether they were good or not.

JACK: Hear him! He even criticizes the queen's cookery!

QUEEN: How dare you, knave? I'd like to have you put in a dungeon for that.

KNAVE: Oh, most delicious queen, truly I didn't mean to criticize your noble cookery.

JACK: Listen to him—speaking of the queen as though she were a cream puff!

KNAVE: Mother Goose, everything I say seems wrong. I never took Jack Horner's plum or Simple Simon's pie, or the tails of Bo-Peep's sheep or bothered the spider that scared little Miss Muffet away. I did hide the tarts just for a joke, because the King is so puffy and funny when he gets excited. I didn't think the queen would mind, and anyway, I've been sorry ever since.

MOTHER GOOSE: And the Knave promised that he'd never, *never* do a thing like that again.

KNAVE: And I never have.

QUEEN: Oh, dear, I don't know what to do! Dan Cupid may shoot a little recklessly now and then, but all of us know he may be trusted. If he hasn't delivered the valentines, it's for some good

reason.

[The KNAVE OF HEARTS is looking intently on the floor by the chest. He stoops and picks up something.]

JACK (*shouting*): Hold him! Do not let him get away! I saw him pick up one of the valentines just now.

[BOY BLUE and TOMMY TUCKER hold him, while JACK takes away the valentine.]

JACK: Just as I thought. He dropped the valen-

tine out of his pocket and tried to get it back without our seeing him.

KNAVE (*struggling*): It wasn't in my pocket. I just now saw it on the floor.

MOTHER GOOSE: Oh, Knave of Hearts, this does look sad for you.

QUEEN: Search the Knave and see if he has hidden any valentines upon his person.

KNAVE (*breaking away*): You shan't search me, you shan't!

[He leads JACK a merry chase around the stage.]

JACK: If you didn't have some more valentines, you would not be afraid for me to search you.

KNAVE (*allowing JACK to search him*): You'll understand and believe me, Mother Goose. But the others never will.

[JACK pulls out a large lacy valentine from under the KNAVE's cloak.]

JACK: Here we are. The very prettiest valentine in Cupid's pack!

QUEEN (*shaking the KING*): Oh, please, wake up, and send the Knave to the dungeon. He's gone and taken the prettiest valentine of all!

[TOMMY TUCKER brings writing materials to the KING who, suppressing many a yawn, begins to write the order the queen wishes.]

BO-PEEP: I never heard of such a naughty knave.

MISS MUFFET (*indignantly*): Running off with the tarts and now with the prettiest valentine!

JACK HORNER: To the dungeon, the dungeon!

MOTHER GOOSE: It will all come out right, sonny. Besides, the dungeons were redecorated just last fall, and they're modern—very light and airy.

KING (*handing the order he has written to JACK HORNER*): Serious—very serious indeed. [And he goes to sleep again.]

KNAVE: You must hear me! I—

ALL (*shouting*): To the dungeon, the dungeon, the light and airy dungeon!

MOTHER GOOSE (*making herself heard above the racket*): I beg your heartiness to give the knave a chance. It's unfair not to allow him to say a single word in his defense.

QUEEN: Mother Goose is right—as always.





Quiet! Knave, what have you to say?

KNAVE (*almost ready to cry*): I earned the valentine. I worked for Dan Cupid all yesterday afternoon to pay for it and—he said that I could have it for the Queen.

QUEEN: You wanted to give the valentine to me?

KNAVE: To show you how sorry I was about the tarts, you know.

MOTHER GOOSE: Bless your heart, of course, you did!

[Someone sneezes.]

QUEEN (*sharply*): Who sneezed? You know that you are not allowed to sneeze in the royal presence.

[*The sneeze comes again.*] Who sneezed, I say!

[*Cries of "Not I" and "I didn't do it."*]

QUEEN (*to the KING*): Wake up! There is a mystery in here with us. Somebody sneezed, but no one in here did it.

[*The KING yawns and stretches. The sneeze comes again, this time louder than before. Suddenly the KNAVE breaks away from his captors and opens the door of the chest. And we have our first glimpse of CUPID, sitting up and rubbing his eyes awake.*]

KNAVE: Your heartiness, the valentines are safe. Dan Cupid overslept.

QUEEN: Cupid, how long have you been asleep?

CUPID: About an hour, your heartiness. I simply had to catch a few winks before starting on my rounds this evening.

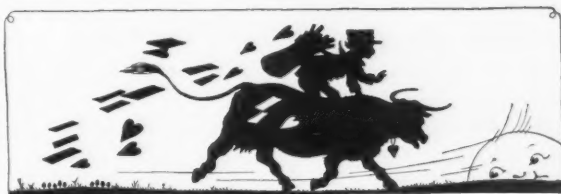
MOTHER GOOSE: Poor Dan! Do you know you were so tired you slept all night and all this morning, too?

CUPID (*confused*): You don't mean that this is to-morrow?

QUEEN: Yes, Cupid, to-day is to-morrow and what you thought was to-day is yesterday.

CUPID (*starting for the door*): I must hurry. I never can catch up.

QUEEN: Yes, you can. Jack Horner, find the cow-That - Jumped - Over - the - Moon and have her take Cupid on his rounds. (*Severely*) And, Jack, the next pie your mother bakes for you, suppose you give it to the Knave of Hearts.



JACK: I'll give him all the plums inside as well, your heartiness.

[*He and CUPID hurry off.*]

MISS MUFFET: And I'll give him my curds and whey! Poor Knave!

TOMMY TUCKER: He may have all the suppers I can sing for.

SIMPLE SIMON: And he may have my pie the next time that I find a penny.

QUEEN (*rolling up her sleeves*): I have something better than that for him. Bo-Peep, loan me your apron, please! [*She ties it on.*] Well, Knave, aren't you going to give me that valentine you worked so hard for?

KNAVE: Oh, your heartiness, will you really, truly take it? (*He bows and hands it to her.*)

QUEEN: It's the prettiest valentine I ever had. Now let's all go to the kitchen and I'll make some tarts.

[*The KING sits up and takes notice.*]

BO-PEEP: Oh, goody, it's going to be a tart-eating party after all!

[*Shouts of "Hurrah!"*]

QUEEN: Each of you may have one tiny tart apiece. But the biggest tart, the very crispest and most delicious tart, will be for the—

KING (*beaming all over*): Yum, yum, YUM!

QUEEN: The biggest tart, the very crispest and most delicious tart will be, *not* for the King, but for the *Knave of Hearts*!

KING (*suddenly becoming very sad*): Serious—very serious indeed!

CURTAIN

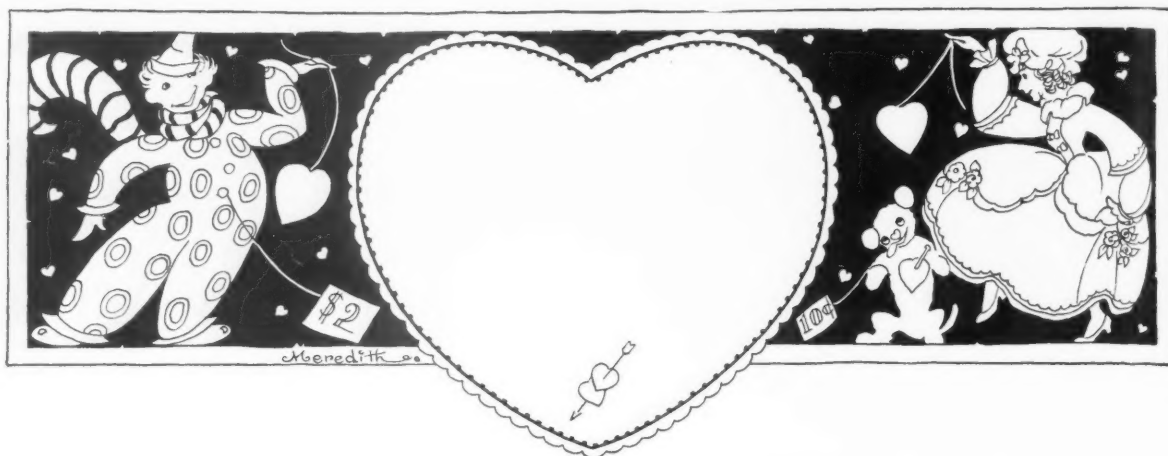


## A MATTER OF TIME

DAVID BOY SORTOR

WHAT sort of a clock did the mouse run up?  
Dickery, dickery, dock!  
Was he chased by the cat or the Yucatan pup?  
Did he step on the tick or the tock?

If he stepped on the tock the tick shouldn't care—  
Dickery, dickery, dock!  
For the tock is brave and the tick is fair,  
As you know if you've heard a clock!



## VALENTINE HASH

THE candy man laid the last of the valentine candies on the board to harden, and breathed a sigh of relief as he put things away for the night.

"Say, everybody!" said the fat candy boy, when they were all alone. He had a red and white peppermint striped muffler, and fat red cheeks, and he held a big red heart in his hand.

"Say," he repeated, "do you all know that it is only two more days till the Big Day?"

"Yes, only two more days," the murmur went round, as they all fluttered their red candy hearts expectantly at the thought of the pleasures to come.

"We go into the showcase to-morrow," continued the fat candy boy. "Of course, I shall be sold right away. I shall go to some rich little girl who has beautiful toys, and a grand big house, and silk dresses, and maids. No doubt she will give me some French candies to be my servants."

"Oh, dear, I wonder who will get me," sighed the little old-fashioned candy lady in the hoop skirts, and she blushed a pretty valentine pink.

"She will like me better than any toy she has ever had, I'm sure," went on the fat boy, paying no attention.

Over in a corner a wee doggie with a

By RHODAJANE HUGHES

stubby tail looked at him, admiringly. "I suppose she will," he thought wistfully. "He is such a handsome fat boy!"

He was made of the left-over candies, the wee doggie was. He had a pink gumdrop nose, and white peppermint ears, and black licorice eyes. He had a white nougat body, and on his ears, and his stub of a tail, and his fat little body, he was spotted with sweetened chocolate.

But best of all he had a beautiful red fondant heart, right outside where it showed! He knew he was a wee left-over doggie, but he didn't mind that, so long as he had been given such a beautiful sweet heart.

Oh, how he did hope someone would get him who would love him!

Sure enough, next day they were all laid carefully in the big glass case. How the fat boy did puff out his chest and strut! How the little old-fashioned lady did blush and fan! And how the wee left-over doggie did beam on everybody, from very happiness!

And then two men came in and were looking at them. Just *didn't* their candy hearts beat?

"Give me anything you think appropriate for my little niece. She is nine years old," said the fat



Meredith

prosperous looking one to the pretty clerk.

"Here is the very thing," said the girl. "Two dollars," and she wrapped up the bulky big fat boy, nearly a foot long.

"Oh, he *will* have everything he wished for," said the wee left-over doggie to himself as the man carried the fat boy away.

"I want just some cheap little piece—something funny, perhaps. How much for the dog?" asked the other man, resting his lunch box on the show case.

"He's only a dime. He was left-over bits in making," answered the girl carelessly.

"I'll take him, please," said the man, and waited.

Oh, how the wee doggie's grandest red candy heart did pound! It was a wonder they didn't notice.

His little black licorice eyes just twinkled and danced, shut away in the little box. Twice during the day the man had opened the box and looked at him. Once he had spoken to him.

"Why, you queer little fellow! You look almost human," he said. "You're left-overs, eh? Well, I guess we'd better call you Hash." And the wee doggie giggled to himself after the lid was back on his box.

That evening when the man went home he carried Hash to his pretty little daughter, Mirjam, who was seven years old, and rather lonely.

"Oh, Daddy," she cried, as he bounced her up for her come-home kiss. "Daddy, he's the loveliest doggie ever. But I can't eat him. He's too real."

And so the wee left-over doggie came to be the fondest possession of Miriam in her little home where she and Daddy and Hash kept house very happily.

Then one afternoon, as they hung on the gate and waited for Daddy to come, a boy trundled down the walk on his bicycle, with a load of papers on the carrier. A stack of them blew off the top, as he passed the gate. He looked back, frowned a little, and then rode on.

Soon afterward Miriam went inside to get her sweater, and the wee doggie sat just where she had

left him—upright in his box on the bottom board of the old wooden gate.

"Little Doggie! Little Doggie!" called a voice, and Hash looked around, startled to see the bulky fat candy boy lying right out there among those papers!

Oh, dear! Oh dear! Whatever could have happened? "Tell me, quick, before my little mistress comes back!" he told the fat boy.

"Well, you see, the man who bought me gave me to his little niece. She owned so *many* things. Goodness me! I wish you could see one half of them. And she had boxes and boxes of candy for Valentine's Day."

"But *you* are so beautiful," said the wee doggie. "She must have liked you better than anything else."

"Like me? She scarcely even *saw* me. She thanked her uncle dutifully, and opened the box. Then she said I was '*sweet*.' Huh, what valentine candy *isn't* sweet? Then she set me away, and I never saw another thing until four days later, when her nurse opened my box, and cried, 'Oh, what horrid red candy! Little Mistress must not eat this!' And she threw me into the trash."

"*You?*" cried the wee left-over doggie, hardly able to believe his two peppermint ears.

"Yes, me," answered the fat boy. "And there I've been, among old papers in the basement, until to-day I was carried away by that boy who is the cook's son, and who didn't know I was in the bunch of old papers he had been given to sell."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" said the wee left-over doggie sadly.

"Oh, if only I could be eaten, as candy valentine boys were meant to be," sobbed the fat boy, candy tears in his eyes.

"Maybe you can," exclaimed the left-over doggie, excitedly. "I know my little mistress would love you. Many times I am sure she has wanted to eat me, only she hasn't any other playthings. Leave the lid off your box. Hush! Here she comes!"



(Continued on page 110)

# THE MUSIC OF THE BLACK FOLK

By HENRY PURMORT EAMES, LL. B.

*Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecture-Recitalist; Teacher of Piano and Lecturer at American Conservatory, Chicago; President of the Society of American Musicians*



WAY back in 1619, one year before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, something happened that was a great musical event, at least, in the story of American music. A Dutch ship, which had come from the West coast of Africa with twenty black men captured from the jungles, sold these poor, dependent creatures to the Virginia colonists as human slaves. That was the beginning in our country of Negro slavery, an evil and a curse that later took the blood of thousands of Americans, north and south, to wash away.

Now the bringing of uncivilized black men from Africa to America, where they were bought, owned and sold as were horses or houses, seems a strange and cruel thing to herald as a musical event; but, children, it is true nevertheless, for that Dutch ship which brought the first band of black slaves to our Southland

brought music, as well as misery, and a beautiful tone for every tear.

Through two hundred and forty years of sorrow and sunlight this slave and plantation music grew in the souls of the black folk. Thousands of helpless African men and women were shipped to our land, and tens of thousands of their children were born here, until a singing people, an unrecognized nation in chains, grew up and within themselves developed a world of music quite their own, which we of America love above all our other folk music.

All of you know "Way Down upon the Swanee Ribber," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe," and other songs of the now famous Stephen C. Foster of Pittsburgh, who died penniless at the age of thirty-eight. The homeland would not be the same to us with Foster's songs unwritten; and they are modeled, remember, on the songs of plantation darkies.

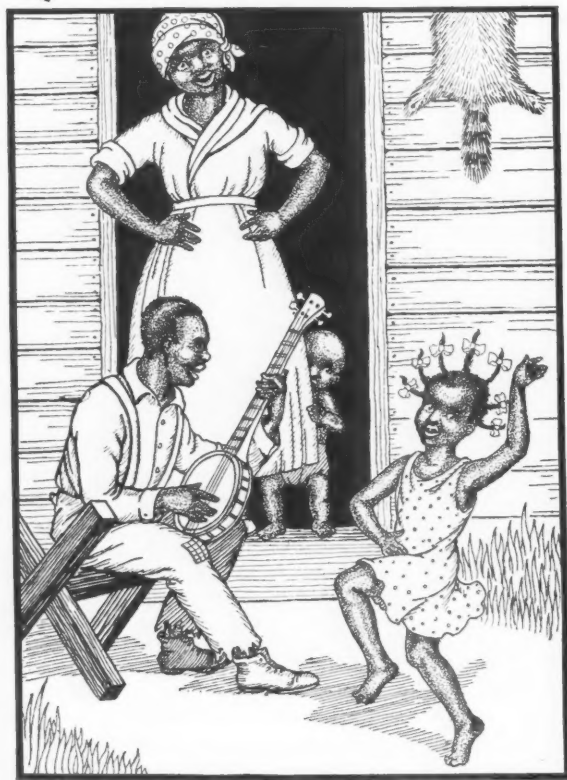
Perhaps some of you have heard one of the three lovely cantatas which tell in Longfellow's well known verse the story of Hiawatha: "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," "The Death of Minnehaha," "Hiawatha's Departure." These three compositions for chorus, solo voices and orchestra are known all over the world, and are the musical creations of the greatest of Negro composers, S. Coleridge Taylor, an English citizen who was given high honors abroad.

It was Mr. Taylor who, upon his visit to our country, wrote into piano pieces such wonderful Negro melodies that all America is playing and singing them to-day; such favorites as "Deep River," "Steal Away to Jesus," and others, we owe to him.

The southern Negro had work songs, play songs, sorrow songs, and joy songs, a song for every feeling and act. How you and I would love to hear these melodies sung by the old blacks, but while we cannot do that, we can hear these old songs revived by such artists as Roland Hayes, the superb Negro tenor, and by scores of white singers of note. When I was a boy I heard the Tennesseans, a minstrel group of a dozen men and women, all very black and very musical, and it was in hearing them that I learned to love the type of Negro song we now call "spirituals."

The slave needed God by his side every hour and he kept His presence there through song. Some are happy songs and some are very sad. Here are the words of a happy spiritual:

"I got a robe,  
You got a robe,







All God's chillun got a robe.  
When I get to Heab'n I'm  
goin' to put on my robe,  
I'm goin' to shout all ovah  
God's Heab'n.

Heab'n—Heab'n.  
Ev'rybody talkin' 'bout  
Heab'n ain't goin' dere.

Heab'n—Heab'n.  
I'm goin' to shout all ovah  
God's Heab'n.

How beautiful, too, are the sad songs! American boys and girls should no more miss or neglect these quaint and beautiful songs than they should omit the study of United States history. Indeed, these songs are history and tell a story that will be forever true.

After the war when our government refused to give the freed Negroes land upon which to live, they became poverty-stricken and were starving. A brigadier general was sent down into the Sea Islands to tell the free but helpless creatures of our government's refusal. A very old Negress on the edge of the crowd began singing this song, and all the people joined in, swaying as they sang:

"Nobody knows de trouble I see,  
Nobody knows de trouble I see,  
Nobody knows but Jesus."

The old general broke down and wept. Even to-day I cannot sing these spirituals to my children without being overcome by my feelings.

How I want every American to know such gems of folk songs as "Steal Away to Jesus," "Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel," "Let Us Cheer the Weary Traveler," "Roll, Jordan, Roll," "Swing Low Sweet Chariot"! It was these wonderful melodies which caused Anton Dvorak, the son of a Bohemian butcher, and the composer of the "New World" Symphony, to advise American composers to study Negro folk songs, and it is the spirit of these slave songs and dances which gives life to the beloved symphony referred to.

Our own composers also have found inspiration in these tender, quaint and sometimes rollicking folk tunes. Here are a few names: Harry Burleigh, Nathaniel Dett, Mortimer Wilson, Henry K. Hadley, and Theodore Otterstrom.

The Negro's chief instrument is his voice; he had to make all other instruments himself and he had little time or experience to aid him. However, his "home-product" banjo is still the envy of banjo players, and he also made drums, rattles and a crude fiddle.

The Negroes sang in a peculiarly fascinating harmony—not the harmony taught in the books but harmony taught by their own hearts. Not a note or word was written down, and many a song was composed on the spur of the moment when great joy or deep sorrow inspired the singer.

Music is a language which begins where words

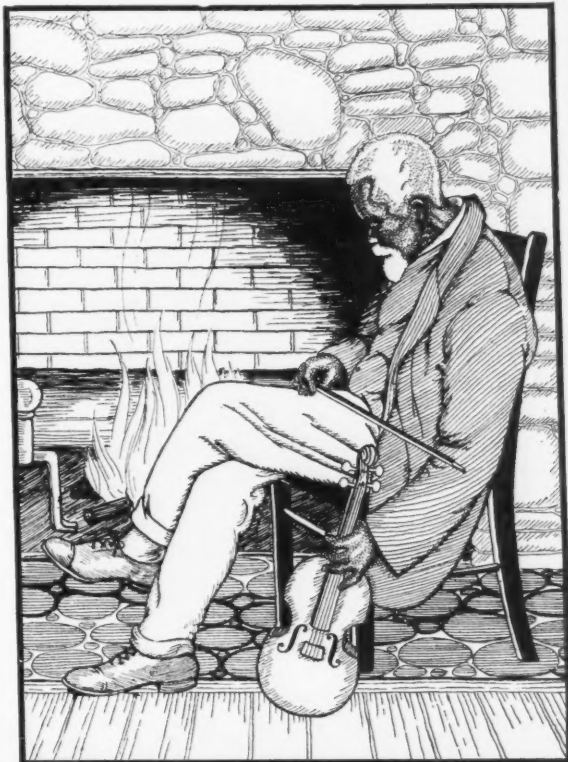
leave off. When you are so happy that you cannot express your feelings in words you just naturally sing, and when sorrow seems to make all language useless, yet you sing and so express your feelings, and are raised through your singing to heights where there are no tears.

These truths are shown throughout the sad and sunny life of the plantation Negro, and to-day the most advanced of that race are being honored for the art and craftsmanship they show in telling their joys and sorrows in the songs of their own people.

It will be well to remind you of some famous books about these people. I want to urge every child (and parent, too) who reads these lines to read the Uncle Remus stories by Joel Chandler Harris, to read the poems of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the stories of Ruth McHenry Stuart, and to know the great Negro folk songs I have cited in this article. It is almost unthinkable that an American boy or girl should grow up without the knowledge and companionship of these books and songs. And, children, please suggest to Father and Mother that they read W. E. B. Du-Bois' book called, "The Souls of the Black Folk."

American art and music have taken much from the African and American

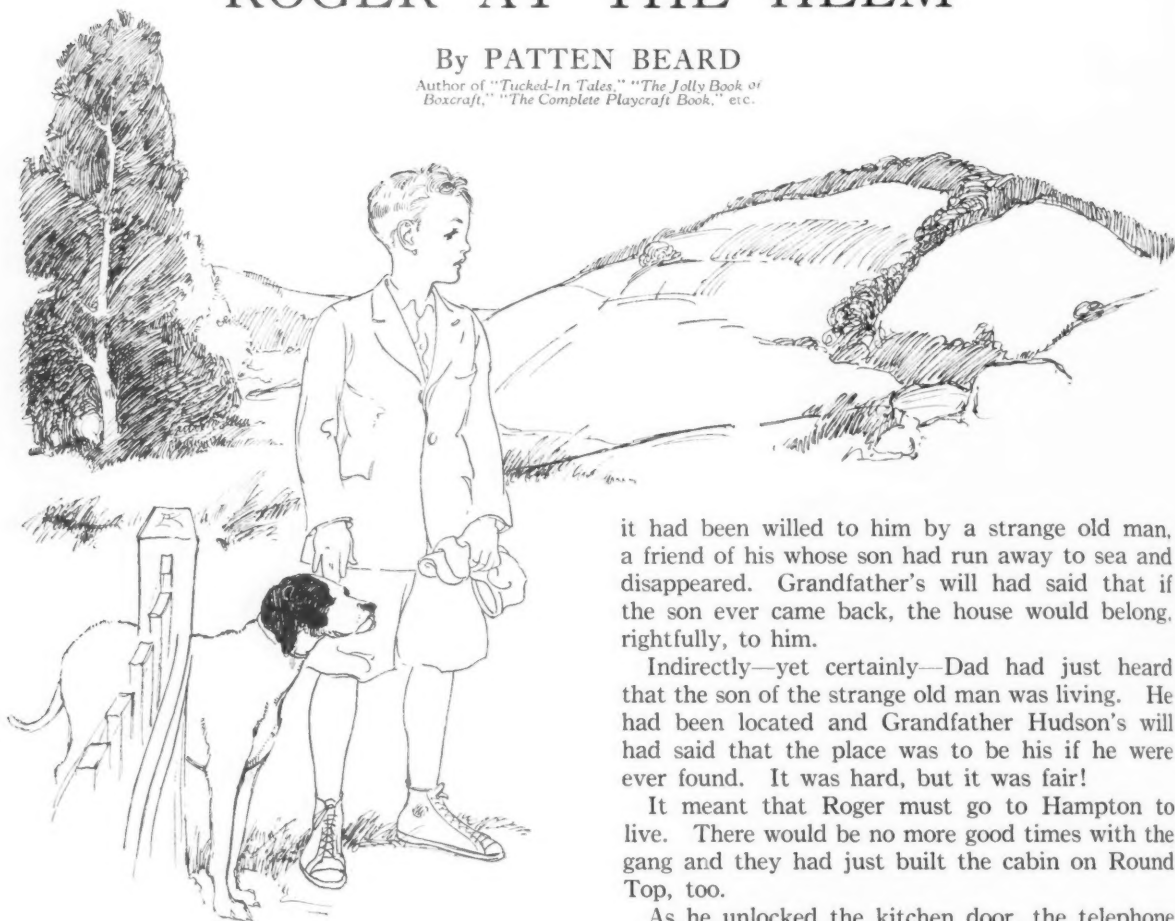
(Continued on page 112)



# ROGER AT THE HELM

By PATTEN BEARD

Author of "Tucked-In Tales," "The Jolly Book of Boxcraft," "The Complete Playcraft Book," etc.



**C**HUG-CHUG! Chug-chug! The motor of the Liston Bus throbbed impatiently. The driver did not like to stop on the highway. The bus was late. They had to catch the two-forty for Hampton. Chug-chug! Chug-chug! "Step lively!" ordered the driver.

"I'll look out for everything! Mrs. Wilson will be over," repeated Roger, smiling reassuringly up at the back seat where Mom looked down, a bit anxiously. She hadn't wanted to leave, but she and Dad together owned the place that was home, and it was to help home that she had gone away. Dad was in Hampton and had telegraphed for her.

"Don't you worry!" said Roger. "Everything will be all right!"

The bus started in a blur of noise. He stood, waving, till it became a mere speck on the horizon. He was all alone, now. Mrs. Wilson would stay with them till Mon got back, and he wondered when she would be over. Slowly, he turned up the driveway and climbed the hill toward the house, while, Buster, with his tail down, followed at his heels.

He tried to whistle, but—the whistle died down. It looked as if their home was just as good as *gone*! Grandfather Hudson had left the place to Dad but

it had been willed to him by a strange old man, a friend of his whose son had run away to sea and disappeared. Grandfather's will had said that if the son ever came back, the house would belong, rightfully, to him.

Indirectly—yet certainly—Dad had just heard that the son of the strange old man was living. He had been located and Grandfather Hudson's will had said that the place was to be his if he were ever found. It was hard, but it was fair!

It meant that Roger must go to Hampton to live. There would be no more good times with the gang and they had just built the cabin on Round Top, too.

As he unlocked the kitchen door, the telephone rang. Roger burst into the kitchen and caught up the receiver. The room seemed strange and lonesome, even though Topsy, the cat, was still curled up in the rocker where they had left her a few minutes before. "Hello!" he called. "Oh, Mrs. Wilson! Mom's *just* gone. If you're coming over soon, I'd like to go on a hike up Round Top with the gang. Mom said I could go. I won't go till you come—but they're going to start pretty soon!" He waited, listening to the voice on the other end of the wire. "What? What's *that*! You can't come! You can't come?"

He stopped in dismay. There was nobody else whom he could get to come and stay. He knew, because his mother had tried. "Never mind," he said into the mouthpiece. "I'll manage to find someone. Of course, *you* can't help things happening to you that way!"

For a moment, he stood looking blankly out of the window—down the hill, across the road, over the buckwheat field that made a red carpet at the foot of Round Top. What a day for a hike up there! "Forget it," he said to himself. "You have to stay here and look after things. There isn't anybody else to feed the stock and to watch for the incubator chicks to hatch."

He went to the red rocker and scratched the cat under her ears so that she purred. But the cat was no company. He wondered what to do. He saw the dishes stacked by the sink and he took the pan and began washing them. "Mom likes to keep things looking nice," he thought. "I'll do it, too."

Then he glanced at the stove. He took off the lids and put on coal. He was putting them back when Buster's tail began to wag very hard, and Roger looked out and saw Shorty coming up the path.

"Say, I can't go," he cried. "Hike it without me—but, say! I'm all alone here and I wish you'd come back and stay to-night! Can you?"

"What do you suppose you are—a watchdog?" Shorty retorted. "Can't you lock up the house and let Buster take care of it?"

Roger shook his head. "Mrs. Wilson just phoned she couldn't come. She has to go down to Liston to stay with her daughter there. I can't go and leave the place. I've got some chicks hatching."

"Too bad!" murmured Shorty. "I tell you what—I'm going to stay with you. The gang's down at Mark Henderson's, and I'm going to call them and get them to come up here."

Roger, giving the cat a saucer of milk on the porch, could hear Shorty at the telephone. He was having a heated argument. Then he came out on the porch, and his eyes rested on the summit of Round Top, high against a clear blue sky. "Nice day for their hike!" he said. "What'll we do?"

"It's sort of stupid for you—hanging out here with me," said Roger. "There's nothing much to do!"

"Got any eats?" asked Shorty. "They'd help."

"Come on and see!" Roger led the way into the pantry.

"They're having swell eats up there on Round Top," Shorty said. "Bill has Frankfurters for the whole gang. And Mark Henderson's mother made a chocolate cake. M-m. You got any?"

The cake box was empty.

"Mrs. Wilson was to have cooked things," said Roger. "I can't find anything—you see, Mom left so suddenly she didn't have time to get things ready.

I guess there isn't any chocolate cake—" Then, because he wanted to please Shorty, who had given up so much for him, he suggested, "I can make some though. I've seen Mom do it, lots of times." Roger hunted for the cook book but could not find it.

"Never mind," he said. "I know what goes into it. We'll have a layer cake with fudge filling!"

The yellow bowl was brought out, and Shorty tied an apron around Roger's waist, while they howled with laughter. "Oh, you cook!" Shorty grinned. "Say, when the gang knows we had a *whole* cake for just us two, won't they wish they had stayed with us? I bet for supper I could cook Frankfurters, too, if I had 'em!"

"You butter the pans and get the flour, Shorty!"

So Shorty went off to the pantry, where he picked up the first jar he saw. Roger took the lid off and sniffed. "You think that's flour?" he asked doubtfully.

"Sure!" Shorty put a finger into the jar and licked it reflectively.

But the mixture did not thicken as it should. It took more cups than Roger's mother ever used. Yet, it went into the cake pans. And the two started the fudge. Every few minutes they peeked at the cake. "Funny looking *cake!*" mused Shorty after some time had passed.

"Oh, it's all right," Roger answered, though inwardly a bit doubtful. "Look out, Short! That fudge filling's scorched! I can tell by the smell!" He dumped the pans on the bread board. The mixture surely was queer—not a bit like cake! "I knew something was the matter with that flour," Roger defended himself. "I bet it was something else and not flour at all!"

Shorty's face wore a deep frown. "The filling is gone," he announced. "Let's see your cake! Gee, it looks like a custard gone to seed!"

"What do they make custard out of?" asked Roger. "Eggs and milk? Well, I put 'em in here. But it's all thick and tough!"

Shorty put the burned fudge pan into the sink and ran water into it. "I bet that what we thought was flour was cornstarch!" In spite of himself he





grinned. So did Roger. "Tough luck," he said. "Nothin' to do—nothin' to eat!" They wandered out upon the porch to sit on the steps by Buster.

"Have you heard anything at all about what's going on in Hampton?" Shorty inquired. "Is that man really alive? I mean the man whose father owned this house."

Roger nodded and went on chewing the end of a grass stem. "Guess so!" he answered.

"Did Ned Smiffin down at the store ever tell *you* any funny stories about that—that queer old man who built this house?" asked Shorty. "He did *me*!"

"Yea-a," returned Roger. "I asked my dad about it. He said he guessed it was just a story."

"About that man having a treasure?"

Roger wagged his head.

"He said it was buried right around *here*," declared Shorty, rubbing Buster's silky ears.

"Wish it was! We'll need it, goodness knows, if we lose everything!" said Roger.

"Maybe we could find it!"

"How should Ned Smiffin know?"

"Well, he says he saw it when he was a kid—that queer old man showed it to him. Ned Smiffin says he saw it—lots and lots of money all in a big black tin box—but after the old man died, it never was found. Let's look for it," Shorty suggested. "You can't tell—there might be something to it!"

"Where would we look?"

It took quite a bit of time to decide. After that, with pick and spade, they made the rounds of the orchard. Buster, tied to the house, kept guard, though they did not go far. They upturned big stones; they investigated a mound in the orchard; they worked very hard. "Might be here!" one of them would suggest. "Or here!" the other would say. By this time they were not only beginning to believe whole-heartedly in the existence of the treasure, but they were confident that they would find it.

"How about letting the gang in on this?" Shorty asked. "What do you think?"

Roger thought the others might be able to help them.

The two boys hunted until dusk, then they left the shovel and the pick and went into the house to

forage for supper. Over a hot dish of canned beans, they continued to talk about the treasure. Shorty was of the opinion that they could spend the evening hunting in the house. "It might be inside," he insisted. "It might, you know." He looked about. "Better lock up tight, to-night," he added.

They locked up tight and let Buster loose outdoors. But a catch on the hall window was not right—a screw was missing.

The wind, too, was coming up, and it looked as though a storm was on its way. The wind sang in the chimney. The blinds rattled. Shorty started at every new sound. "What's

that?" he kept asking. "What's that noise, Roger?"

They listened. First, it was a mouse in the pantry; then it was a queer sound outside somewhere. "Buster knocking the porch with his tail," Roger suggested. "Or maybe the wind's doing it."

"Sounds like footsteps to me," said Shorty. "Do you suppose somebody saw us digging for the treasure?"

"Shucks!" said Roger. "You're just sort of jumpy!"

Shorty subsided.

But the noises continued. They grew stranger and more frequent. Shorty's eyes were wide. "I know somebody's outside," he insisted.

"Buster's on guard," answered Roger. But though he went to the door and whistled, Buster did not come!

"He's gone off hunting rabbits," declared Shorty. "Lots of good Buster is!"

"Then I'm going to see what's up!" said Roger suddenly. "I'm the one who's left here to look out for things. You stay here!" He was out of the door before his chum could stop him.

Shorty stood in the doorway, straining his eyes to catch another glimpse of Roger as he disappeared



(Continued on page 110)

# CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS



1  
Chip and his chums decided to "do noble deeds, not dream them" etc., and started cleaning the snowy walks of old Miss Brown's house.



2  
They began shoveling snow and throwing old boards away. Chip thought they were joking, and brought them all back again.



3  
At dusk the old house looked spooky. Chip, now tied to a tree, began to howl. Then a queer voice moaned, "Help! Hellp!"



4  
Dick and Betsy Ann clung to each other and quavered, "Whoooo's therre?" Then Ted peered behind the bushes and found—a parrot!



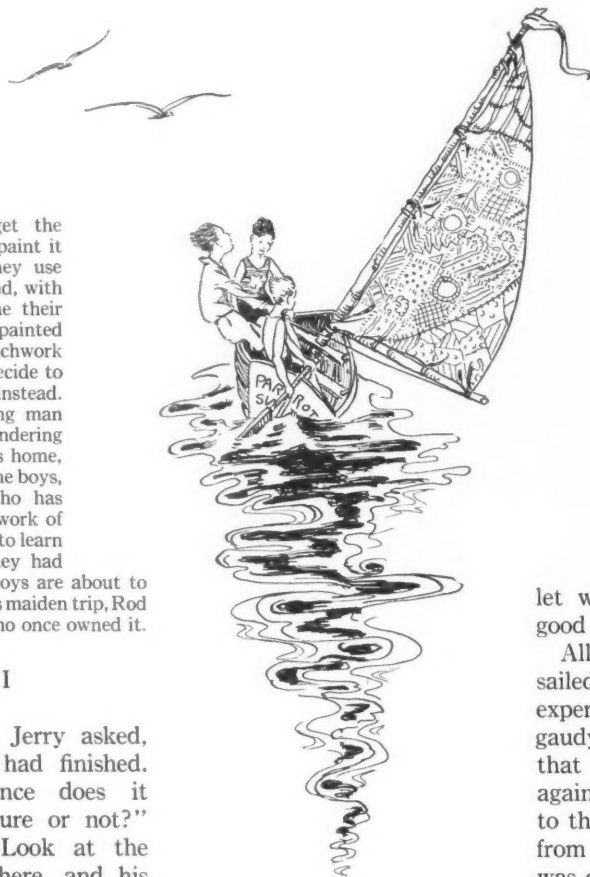
5  
It was the one old Aunt Lucindy lost. So they took it home to her. "Bress yo' hearts, chullen!" cried Aunt Lucindy in delight. Then she gave them all the crispy doughnuts they could eat.

# THE PRICE OF THE PARROT-SWAN

By JOSEPHINE E. PHILLIPS

## WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Rodney, Robert, and Roger, known collectively as the "three R's" and individually as Rod, Bob and Jerry, discover an honest-to-goodness boat, filled with rocks as though it purposely had been sunk. They manage to get the boat on shore and plan to paint it and call it the *Swan*. They use such supplies as they can find, with the result that by the time their work is finished, the boat is painted in several colors, with a patchwork quilt for a sail; and they decide to call it the *Parrot-Swan* instead. Mr. Lanson, the sad-looking man whom they have seen wandering about in the woods near his home, has excited the curiosity of the boys, particularly of Rodney, who has been doing some detective work of his own on the side, in order to learn who had sunk the boat they had found. Now, just as the boys are about to launch the *Parrot-Swan* on its maiden trip, Rod tells them he has learned who once owned it.



## PART III

"ARE you sure?" Jerry asked, when Rodney had finished. "What difference does it make whether he's sure or not?" Bob said crossly. "Look at the man's cottage over there, and his boats are the finest on the lake. What would he care about the *Parrot-Swan*? You say yourself that he sank it."

Rodney explained patiently again. "It isn't the boat he'd want. It's because it was his son's that he might object to its being rigged up so sort of—sacriligious. You remember Phil Lanson, don't you, Jerry?"

Jerry nodded. "Bob hadn't moved here then—"

"No, but I've had him preached to me enough in school, so it seems as though I had always known him. An only son, an all-round athlete, splendid scout—the first boy in the county to volunteer in the World War, and the first to lose his life. His father took it so hard that he's been queer ever since. But I don't think there's any need of going and telling him anything. Let 'er out, Jerry, and let's go! No use sitting here all day mooning, with a breeze like this above, and the *Parrot-Swan* still untried."

Jerry needed no urging to "let 'er out." The little dory was pushed off the shore and soon was skimming over the sparkling lake in the head of a stiff fall breeze. Even the sober Rodney's spirits

rose with each new bit of evidence that the *Parrot-Swan* was the graceful, well-behaved boat of their dreams. She did not leak, that is, not excessively. She responded to her crew's demands with well-balanced dips and curves that would have done credit to a far more ambitious craft. And Rodney, having cleared his conscience by telling the boys her history, was willing to accept their judgment, two to one against his own, and consider himself free of further responsibility. He was tired of detecting, anyhow, and Mr. Lanson might not enjoy having his affairs pried into. They'd better

let well enough alone and have a good time.

All morning and all afternoon they sailed, growing more and more expert in the handling of their gaudy patchwork quilt. They found that five long tacks, zigzagging up against the wind, would take them to the upper end of the lake. And from there to the lower end again was one long glorious coast. Oh, it was great!

"And it's not only to-day! It's every day!" Bob said, bubbling over with enthusiasm, and very, very glad that he had had a hand in the enterprise. "I guess Rod and I haven't thanked you half enough, Jerry, for deciding that we'd have to have a boat."

Jerry flushed with pleasure at this praise, though it did sound a bit forced, coming from Bob. In fact, Bob wasn't acting quite natural—Rodney, either, for that matter. The one was too good-natured, the other too hilarious. Jerry himself had a strange feeling, as though he must be agreeable and talk a lot. It was surely wonderful to have a boat. And it was out of the question to make any explanation to Mr. Lanson.

They were at the head of the lake once more and the sun was fast sinking when the breeze suddenly failed them. Yet there was no word of complaint at the need of taking turns at the slender inefficient oars they had improvised from poles attached to clapboards.

It was a long mile and a half back to the home cove, a mile and a half that led past the Lanson boat-



house and cottage. They talked less and less and in lower tones as they neared the place. No one looked in that direction, yet each seemed to know when it was passed. They stirred into more comfortable positions, as though some weight had been lifted from their shoulders.

The maiden voyage of the *Parrot-Swan* was soon over, then, and loudly acclaimed a success. Yet, strangely enough, nothing was said of plans for their next trip out in her.

"Hello, Bob!"

At Rodney's voice hailing him early next morning, Bob started almost guiltily, but by the time his friend had caught up with him, all signs of surprise were gone.

"Where you going?"

Rodney asked.

"Oh, just down the road," was the casual reply. "Where you?"

"Just down the road."

Rodney fell into step and they went on together in silence for several minutes.

"Well, I guess I'll go back," Bob said. They had passed a turn in the road and the long flight of stone steps leading up to the Lanson cottage was in sight.

"Mm-mm," Rodney agreed. "I—I don't know but what I will, too. I was just out for the walk, sort of," he finished casually.

Both boys were on the point of turning back when they stopped short. A slender, khaki-shirted figure slipped out of the bushes ahead of them, threw back its shoulders with a great deal of determination, and trudged up the long steps.

The two exchanged glances.

"D' you s'pose Jerry is going to—to tell him?"

Rodney's voice was awed to a half-whisper.

"Looks as though," Bob nodded. "He's plucky. That boat means a heap more to him than to you and me even. And I had quite a time, deciding—that is, I'd been thinking, myself, of—of going to see if we couldn't make it right with Mr. Lanson."

"So had I." Rod seemed to understand. "I say, let's go ahead!"

Jerry had just been shown to a seat on the porch when his comrades were conducted solemnly to the hammock opposite him by a stony-faced manservant. Jerry was immensely surprised to see them, but there was no time for an exchange of

words before Mr. Lanson came out to see them.

He looked at the three in an absent but kindly manner, asking, "Yes, yes, what can I do for you?"

Then his glance quickened and his face took on a new expression. "Oh, you are the boys—that is—" He paused, confused.

The three R's nodded vigorously and all began speaking at once.

"Yes, sir, we're the ones that dragged out the boat that used to be your Phil's—the *Pal*, you know—"

"We didn't know it was his, and we'd been wanting a boat pretty bad, so when we found it—"

"We wouldn't have fixed it up so crazy-looking if we'd understood—"

"I thought maybe—"

Bob stepped forward, extending a handful of small change, "—if we paid you for it, it would be all right. I can give you this much down and we'll be getting jobs, this winter, to earn the rest."

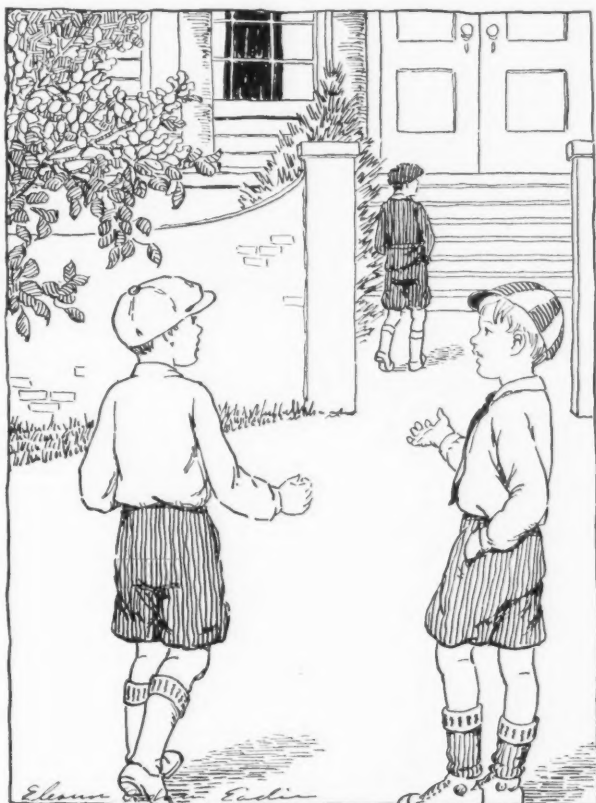
Rodney interrupted. "I don't believe Mr. Lanson wants the money, Bob. My idea was to each get a job and earn enough to buy some white paint and a real sail. Then we could fix the *Parrot-Swan*

over to look more—more respectable. You see, Mr. Lanson, we just used the paint and things we had on hand, and it seemed like a good joke until we found out it had been Phil's boat."

As soon as Rodney stopped for breath, Jerry spoke his mind, which was a little different from either of the others. "I think we'd better put the *Parrot-Swan* back where we found her, and forget about boats for another year. I just came this morning to explain to Mr. Lanson, and apologize for us, if we'd—made it—hard for him." The last words came slowly. Jerry was unused to sentiment, but his childhood memory of the stalwart Phil Lanson was something precious, to be honored and respected.

Mr. Lanson blew his nose vigorously and drew his coat sleeve across his eyes before he spoke. He tried to smile but he could not control the corners of his mouth.

"I—I wish Phil were here to talk with you. He'd know what to say. He'd understand how you feel about the boat. He thought a good deal of his *Pal*,



you know. That's why, afterwards, I thought I couldn't have it in sight, in anybody's sight. Instead, I found I needed it, for company, and I used to walk down there every day. When I saw that you chaps had dug it up and were enjoying it—well, at least it set me to thinking—that I'd been all wrong—that there was still joy in life." His eyes began to twinkle now, just as Jerry had been sure they could twinkle. "How did you find out about the *Pal*—the *Parrot-Swan*, that is?"

"Rodney did that," Bob and Jerry answered together. "Of course, we'd all heard of Phil, ever since we'd heard anything, but Rod's sort of a detective, and seeing you and finding some things, he figured it right out."

"Oh, Mr. Lanson," Rod interrupted, handing him the little key, "I want to give you this. It may belong to something of his."

Again the white-haired man brushed his sleeve across his eyes. "Yes, it belongs to something of his," he said slowly. "In fact, it's the key to his den. I thought I never could go in there again, where his things were, and I buried it with the *Pal*. But all these nine years I've suffered for it. You can't bury things that way. You have to face them. To-day, with the help of you boys—Come!"

Mr. Lanson rose and led the boys into the house and up the stairs. They stopped before a closed door at the end of the hall and he handed Rodney the key. It turned in the lock with a contented little click, as though it was glad to be back there at last.

"Oh—oh!" came involuntarily from three pairs of lips as the door opened, disclosing a room more beautiful to the boys' eyes, for all its darkened windows and disarray, than the most gorgeous of crystal-lighted banquet halls of Fairyland.

"You like it, too?" The man's voice was eager, vibrant with life, and his step was quick and strong as he strode across the room and raised the shades. "Phil loved it here. These are all his things. Don't be afraid to touch them. He'd like to have them used again. He'd like to show them to you. This was his first squirrel—" He pointed to a soft, silvery-gray tail spread on the wall. "And these

are the snowshoes he wore when he was fourteen. They saved a man's life, once. Sometime I'll tell you about it. But now, just make yourselves at home!"

They needed no second invitation to examine the fishing tackle, the rifles, the dainty three-point deer's head. Their host relaxed in a worn old upholstered chair and watched their enthusiasm with pride and pleasure. Their questions gave him a very real and very new interest in life, a new understanding of his son.

"Well, I guess we'd better go, now," Rodney said at last. "It's been fine to see all these things."

"Come any time, my lads, any time, and if there's anything you want to borrow, just help yourself. Phil was always loaning."

Rodney thanked him, then asked hesitantly, "About the *Pal*, Mr. Lanson, shall we—what shall we do?"

I'm afraid the *Pal*, the *Parrot-Swan*, isn't very seaworthy after her long time under water. There's one about the same size in the boat house, with an outboard motor. I'll be glad to give it to you, for the pleasure of having you use it. I'll have Jones clean it up to-day."

The boys looked at each other, hardly believing they had heard aright. An outboard! That would take them anywhere! No need of wind nor oars!

"You mean—you'd swap the outboard-motor-boat for the *Parrot-Swan*?" Jerry asked falteringly.

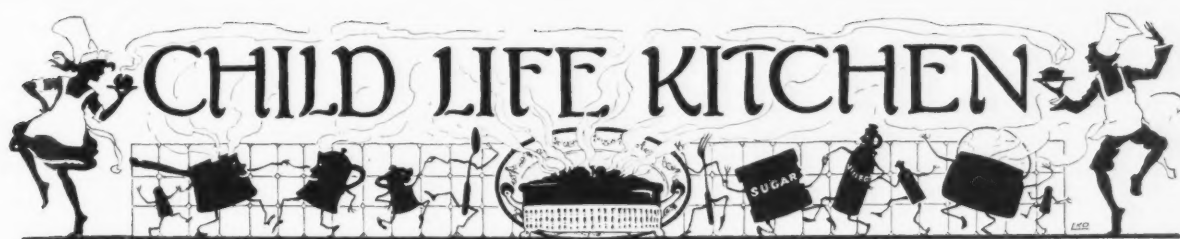
"You might put it that way. You see, I don't want her sunk again, or even painted over. Her gaudy red and green and yellow—how Phil would laugh at them!—will help me remember. And I don't want to try to forget, any more."

At this the boys fell silent. The man was disappointed, a bit embarrassed. He had thought they would be pleased with the outboard. "Of course, if your parents think you're old enough to handle it, there's the launch you could have—"

"Oh, that's not it," Jerry hurried to explain. "The outboard would be wonderful, but, well, I guess the others feel the same as I do—we'd sort of like to keep the *Parrot-Swan*, now that you understand how we came to fix her up. Phil is every-

(Continued on page 118)





**F**EBRUARY is the month of celebrations—we think of three just that quickly and you may know of more—your own birthday or Mother's or Father's. Of course, family birthdays are private and particular affairs, but we all help to celebrate the birthdays of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Those, with St. Valentine's Day coming right in between, make a busy time for cooks who must be ready to serve all sorts of good things at such popular parties.

If your school is having a real party with refreshments on one of these big days, look up your cooky recipe and try it once to make sure you remember how to do it; then tell your teacher you can be one to help furnish cookies to go with the lemonade or cocoa she probably plans

to serve. Or maybe sandwiches would be better—we have made several good sorts, you recall, and we love to be helpful and hospitable.

For our lesson this month we are planning to make a new dessert. It is to be used when we have company at home on one of these three famous holidays. Maybe Mother will allow you to have some little friends in after school or on a Saturday. If so, you can make this cake to serve with cocoa. Use marshmallows in the cocoa cups so as to be quite 'dressy,' and have some jolly games and amusements planned. Just food never makes a party, but good food, along with other nice plans, makes a real success. Or maybe you and Mother would rather ask one or two special friends in to dinner or luncheon—then you can make the dessert. Be sure to take time to

## PUDDING CAKE

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detective's," etc.

decorate the table with red candles and maybe some tissue paper trimmings, so it seems very partified.

We call our dessert "Pudding Cake" because it's both a pudding and a cake and nobody knows which it is most. You can make it a few hours ahead of time and serve it cold, or just before meal time and serve it hot. Of the two, we like it better hot, though both ways are very nice.

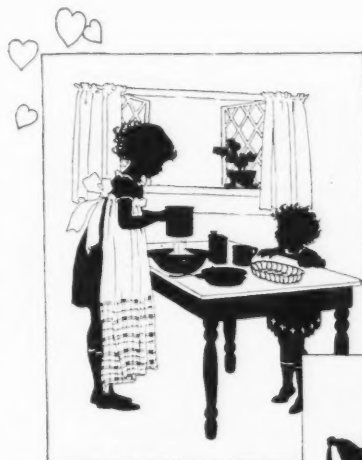
Before starting the real baking, get out all utensils and supplies, so that once you really begin, you will not have to stop work to run and hunt things up.

You will need two cake pans—round ones, not too deep, make the prettiest pudding cake, we think, though there is no objection to square pans if you like those better. Do you remember how to oil cake pans for baking? So many new cooks have come into the Child Life Kitchen since we made a cake, maybe we had better explain for them just how we do this job. It has to be done well, you know, if the cakes are to turn out nicely. So the older cooks will please excuse us a minute while we tell how it is done.

This is the method we like best: cut two circles of clean Manila paper (light brown wrapping paper) exactly the size and shape of your cake pans. Get a piece of clean white tissue paper about eight inches square (this does not have to be exactly so, just about that). Use vegetable oil if you have it; if not, lard will do, or any good cooking fat Mother prefers.

Pour 1 tablespoonful of oil into one of the pans (this is the correct amount when using two pans). Crumple up the

tissue paper and, using it as sort of a brush, rub the oil over the bottoms and sides of both pans. You need not get your fingers oily; do the rubbing daintily and keep a top bit of the paper dry for handling. Now put one of your circles of paper in the bottom of each pan and rub it down into the oil till every speck of the paper touches oil on the under side.





# LISTEN CHILDREN CAPTAIN COOKY IS COMING TO TOWN!

**T**HIS funny little fellow has the most exciting adventures and he is ready to tell you all about them—if you want to hear.

His book called "Comical Cruises of Captain Cooky" tells his story in the jolliest kind of rhymes. You will love the way it ripples on and on and makes you feel as though you were right on the spot while it all happened.

The book is full of thrilling pictures, too. And it shows mother how to make the most fascinating cookies and cakes and many, many other good things that boys and girls like to eat.

You may have this book free—just clip the coupon and mail it today.

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY  
Dept. 15—110 E. 41st St., New York City

Please send me—free—my copy of "Comical Cruises of Captain Cooky" with its rhymes and pictures and directions for making good things to eat.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

## CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

You can tell by the color when this has been done. Next, with a dainty motion that does not get the fingers greasy, pick up the paper and turn it oil-side up. Then rub over with your white tissue paper, making sure that it fits down firmly and that every bit is covered with fat.

Last of all, sprinkle a bit of flour (about a level teaspoonful for each pan) over the paper, shake well to spread it over and then turn the pan upside down to shake off the extra flour. It pays to learn to prepare a cake pan properly, for then you always can be certain that each layer will turn out perfectly as it should.

For the rest of your utensils, you need a small wire rack, a pretty serving plate, a mixing bowl and spoon, two measuring cups (one for wet and one for dry ingredients) a teaspoon and a flour sifter.

Now we are ready for mixing and baking.

### PUDDING CAKE

Into a mixing bowl put  $\frac{3}{4}$  cupful of granulated sugar

$\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful vanilla flavoring  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful cooking fat (butter or vegetable oil)  
1 egg

Beat till the mixture is light and creamy.

Add  $\frac{3}{4}$  cupful milk and stir gently till well mixed.

Sift together twice 1 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls of cake flour and 4 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. (Remember to measure the teaspoons level by filling the spoon and then drawing a knife over the top to scrape off all over the level spoonful.)

Add the sifted flour and baking powder to the dough and stir gently till well blended, then beat briskly till the lumps are gone.

Pour into the pans, making sure that the amount is evenly divided and that the dough is spread well to the edges of each pan. If necessary, take a clean teaspoon and spread the dough evenly. Work quickly, though, for after the baking powder is added to the dough, the mixture should be put into the oven as soon as possible.

Put into a moderate oven (350 degrees) and bake till done, which will take about 25 to 30 minutes. Test by tapping with the finger; if the cake springs back instantly, without leaving a mark, it is done.

Turn one layer out onto the serving plate and one onto the wire rack.

Spread one cupful of jam over the layer on the plate, making sure that it reaches the edges and is spread evenly. Strawberry jam is best, though peach or any favorite is fine.

Put the second layer onto the jam-covered layer, top side up, and press down carefully, all around.

Put 2 tablespoonfuls of confectioner's sugar into a small sifter and sift over the top of the cake, making an even, white, sugary finish.

Serve at once while still warm.

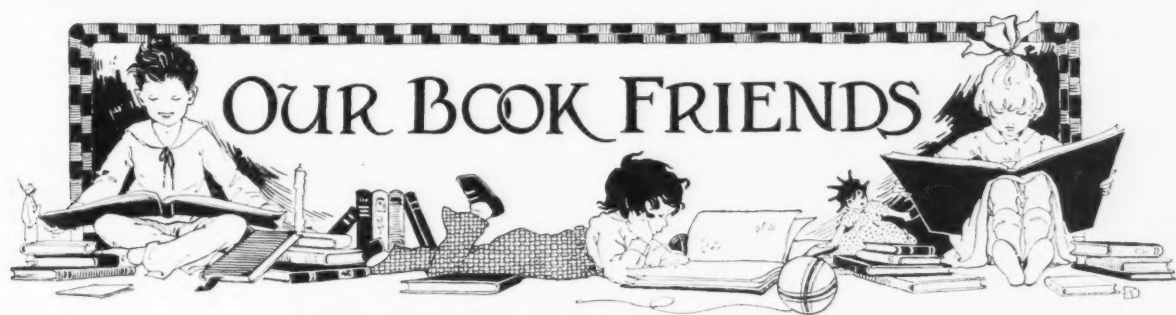
This recipe may also be baked in small muffin rings and topped with sugar put on while the cakes are still warm. Another nice change is to add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of finely broken nut meats just before the dough is poured into the pans.

A good menu for a Washington's birthday dinner party is this:

### DINNER

Tomato soup	Paprika crackers
Baked tongue with vegetables	
Scalloped potatoes	
Bread, butter, apple jam	
Pear and nut salad trimmed with flags	
Pudding cake	Tea

Caps, nut dishes, and napkin rings made of red crepe paper make pretty decorations for a February party and are fun to make on a stormy afternoon.



By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library,  
Present Librarian, Alexander Hamilton Junior High School, Long Beach, California

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,  
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl  
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,  
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

—VACHEL LINDSAY.

"Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight."

CHARLES Sumner said, "Such lives as that of Abraham Lincoln are not accidents in American history. They are rather the great books from whose pages we catch inspiration, and in which we read God's purposes for the progress of the human race."

We love to pause before those two brave days in February which have the quality to move the heart. That supreme gift of boldness, of ability to face calmly, steadily, a new and appalling situation, made America possible. It was this same American quality which later—through those long heart-breaking years of the Civil War—gave us courage to finish the work we were in. Whether we cross in imagination the Blue Ridge with the young surveyor Washington and help settle that fertile Shenandoah Valley, or move westward, tracing the boundaries of a new land, we find in those days of pioneering a spirit which knows not how to perish.

It is interesting to note that some fifty years after Washington set out on horseback for the valley called by the Indians, "daughter of the stars," another boy, barefoot, in buckskin breeches, so shrunken that they reached only half-way between the knee and the ankle, found paradise in his own little cabin. He had obtained a much-worn copy of Weem's "Life of George Washington." As the boy Lincoln read how one great man had accomplished so much he actually asked whether there were not some great place in the world for him to fill. No wonder, when a few days after, making a noise with some of his fun-loving companions, a good woman said to him, "Now, Abe, what on earth do you s'pose'll ever become of ye? What'll ye be good for if ye keep a-goin' on in this way?" He replied slowly, "Well, I reckon I'm goin' to be President of the United States one of these days."

Surely Lincoln loved Washington's sixteen-year-old diary. During the time that Washington was

in that wilderness of the Shenandoah Valley he made a record daily of the beauty of the trees and the richness of the soil, and selected the best sites for townships. For three years he lived this exposed life, sleeping out-of-doors, gaining self-reliance, and a knowledge of the Indians, which knowledge he was soon to need. Surely the boy Lincoln read with eagerness about that brave day—April 19, 1775. What happened amid the stone walls and apple trees from Concord to Lexington made liberty dear to every heart. The Revolutionary War began there, to end only when America should be free. While no monument is required to perpetuate the memory of those brave days when the embattled farmers fired the shot heard round the world, we pause for a moment to repeat those lines known to all:

"Spirit, that made those heroes dare  
To die and leave their children free,  
Bid Time and Nature gently spare  
The shaft we raise to them and thee."

Among the books which have caught the spirit of America—which are at once so fresh, so charming, so true that they make in themselves an epic of America are Howard Pyle's *Book of the American Spirit*, John Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*, Carl Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years*, and Stewart Edward White's *Daniel Boone: Wilderness Scout*.

In these other stories of America's making you will catch fresh sight of Minute Men and Pioneers. May the Wilderness live again for you and may you catch from the deep silence of the past something of that spirit which made those heroes dare.

### THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA

*Abraham Lincoln* - - - - - *A Play by John Drinkwater*  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON

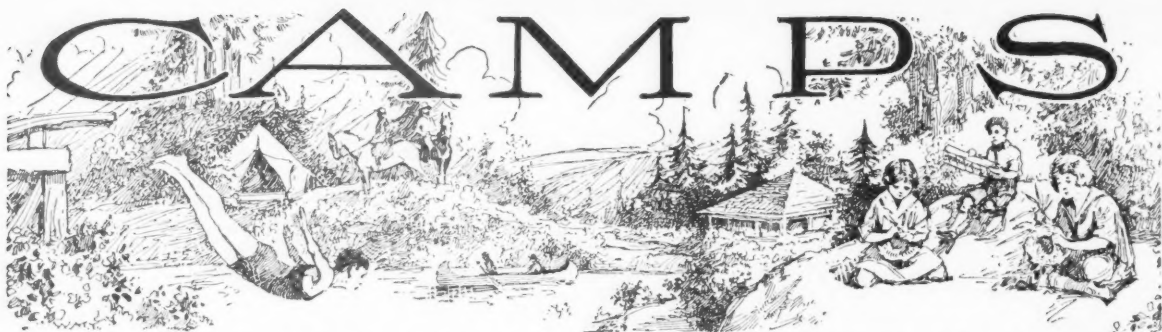
*Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years* - - - - - *Carl Sandburg*  
HARCOURT BRACE & COMPANY, NEW YORK

*American Twins of the Revolution* - - - - - *Lucy Fitch Perkins*  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON

*Howard Pyle's Book of the American Spirit* - - - - - *Howard Pyle*  
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

*Book of the United States* - - - - - *Elsie Singmaster*  
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

(Continued on page 111)



## HEALTH-CHARACTER-FUN-FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

### SHERWOOD FOREST A CAMP FOR GIRLS



#### On SPRINGSTEAD LAKES Wisconsin

Virgin forest, log cabins, fine girls, interesting counsellors, canoes, boats, rafts, gaited saddle horses, and a program of health, fun and frolic.

Come! learn to draw a bow of yew with Robin's Merrie Band, And join in all our lusty sports on water and on land!

Archery      Campfire songs and stories  
Scouting thru the woods      News paper  
Plays from Robin Hood Lore      Water sports  
Gypsy trips a-foot, a-float, a-Ford, a-horseback

THE HORSEBACK CAMP OF THE MIDDLE WEST  
One Fee—No Extras

The Director and counsellors give individual attention to every girl.

Write for Illustrated Booklet  
**LAURA ORVIS PARSONS**  
Director  
Hotel Del Prado, Chicago,  
Phone Hyde Park 2410  
ELIZABETH B. CONSTANTINE  
213 Benson St., Highland Park, Ill.  
M. ELIZABETH McNARY  
Y. W. C. A., Marion, Ind.



### Camp Minne-Wonka FOR BOYS

Three Lakes, Wis.

Midgits, 9 to 11, separate from main camp. Juniors 12 to 14; Seniors, 15 to 17. Completely equipped; specialists for camp-craft; physician and nurse on grounds.

Complete information on request

Dr. F. H. EWERHARDT  
Barnes Hospital      St. Louis, Missouri



### BREEZY RIDGE FARM

For Girls 10-16 Years

Hiking, Sports, Nature Study a Specialty. Excellent Food. Personal Supervision. Grounds 150 acres. Limited Enrollment.

Particulars on Request

MRS. CLIFTON H. RICHIE  
Franklin, New Hampshire, R. F. D. 1.

### KAMP KAIRPHREE For Fifty Girls

In the pines of northeastern Michigan. On Lake Huron. Land and water sports. Crafts, dancing, nature-study. Tents with floors and mosquito screening. Personal supervision stressed. Staff of college women. Resident nurse. All positions filled.

MRS. G. R. SWAIN, Director  
713 E. University Ave., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

### CAMP KALLAMUCHEE

Boys under 17 years      Calderwood, Tenn.

Former Cherokee Indian camp site on beautiful river. In famed Great Smoky Mts. Excellent table. Experienced camp council. Complete sanitary equipment. Carefully organized program of land and water sports. Rifle, canoe trips, riding. Physician. Booklet.

M. B. BANKS, Dept. R  
Univ. of Tenn.      Knoxville, Tenn.

### CAMP ALGONQUIN

Asquam Lake, Holderness, N. H.

A CAMP for red-blooded boys of character and purpose, who want that training which will enable them to excel in school work and in athletics. The usual outdoor sports and nature study, 41st year. Address:

EDWIN DEMERITTE, A. B.  
1404 Raleigh Ave.      Norfolk, Va.

### Play For Its Own Sake

GROWING boys and girls find their greatest happiness in outdoor activity. They do not stop to realize that well directed play is their rightful due. In the best possible way they love sport—for its own sake.

But thoughtful parents recognize deeper meanings in the vigorous life of a supervised summer camp for their children. They see that the wholesome, healthy contacts with nature and with other young fellow-beings will develop a sturdy character and will give strength to the spirit.

And parents know also that the camp for each child must be wisely chosen, and fitted for individual needs. There arises the question of selection of the right camp.

### OUR SERVICE

THE CHILD LIFE Camp Service, by furnishing the information at its disposal, is aiding a great many parents in the selection of the right Camp for their children.

If you are undecided about a camp to which to send your boy or girl, we are sure our Service will be helpful.

Address

E. EVALYN GRUMBINE, Director

### CAMP SERVICE

CHILD LIFE

536 S. Clark St.

Chicago, Ill.

### CAMP NEECARNIS

Big Star Lake  
Baldwin,  
Mich.



Every girl receives the Director's personal attention. Expert counsellors. Horseback Riding, Water Sports, Hikes. Resident nurse.

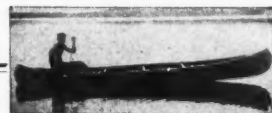
Eight week season beginning June 30.

Illustrated Booklet Sent on Request

Miss EDITH C. HOLT, Director  
39 Fitch Place, S. E., Grand Rapids, Michigan

### TOSEBO CAMP

15th year. On Portage Lake, near Manistee, Mich. A unique camp for young boys. Wonderland of woods and water. Equipment and features cannot be duplicated in the West. For booklet address Noble Hill, Todd School for Boys, Woodstock, Ill.



### CAMP WINNEPE

FOR BOYS Sixteenth Year EAGLE RIVER, WIS. Health Junior, Senior, Midget divisions with separate programs. Beautiful surroundings, excellent facilities for athletics, canoe trips. Physician on staff. Every boy receives individual attention. Write for booklet.

HOMER L. THOMAS, Director  
1304 29th St., North      Birmingham, Ala.

### THORPE CAMP

FOR BOYS under 15 years. Bungalows. On Wisconsin Lake. Ponies. Fishing. Unusual care.

For Catalog, Address Box L care of  
THORPE ACADEMY, Lake Forest, Ill.



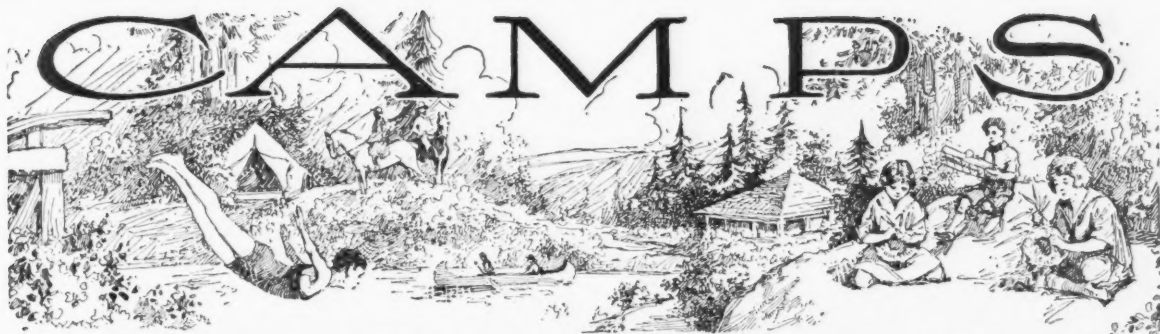
### MOSS LAKE CAMP "The Camp in the Wilderness"

AN Adirondack lake surrounded by a private preserve of unbroken forest devoted entirely to an ideal girls' camp. Rustic Bungalows with a complete bath in each. Electric lights. Exceptionally fine table. All the usual camp activities, plus fishing, archery and rifle practice, and many trips of two days and longer by foot, by horse and by canoe. Camp fee includes tutoring, 6 hours a week of horseback riding and all the usual "extras." Modern Hotel under the same management 3 miles from camp.

Dr. G. C. LONGSTAFF

EAGLE BAY, N. Y.





## HEALTH-CHARACTER-FUN-FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

### FAIRWOOD FOR YOUR BOY



CAMP FAIRWOOD is located on Torch Lake, Michigan, near Charlevoix, in the famous Traverse Bay region.

Boys from 8-18, well recommended, will be accepted.

All activities are supervised. Resident physician. Food and sanitation the best. Separate Junior, Intermediate and Senior Departments. Juniors given individual care—special quarters.

8th SEASON

Illustrated booklet free on request.

Address: Capt. M. F. EDER, Ohio Military Institute, Cincinnati, O.

### Top o' the World Camp

A farm camp near Bay View and Petoskey, Michigan. 800 feet above sea level in ozone region of northern Michigan. City water from a deep well. All farm attractions. Three mothers among the counselors. Twenty girls from 12-16. Small group 8-12. No long hikes. Trips by camp autos.

For information address

**TOP O' THE WORLD CAMP**  
Petoskey, Michigan

Mr. & Mrs. G. H. Leavenworth, Managers  
Shelley W. Welborn, Assistant

### Camp Bryn Afon FOR GIRLS

Land o' Lakes

ROOSEVELT, WISCONSIN

Ninth Season

Private Lake. Screened Sleeping Bungalows with hardwood floors. Craft Studio. Special Dining Room for Juniors. All Land and Water Sports. Trails for Horseback Riding. Camp Physician, Trained Nurse and Dietitian. Staff of 30 College Women. References required. Booklet—

**LOTTA BROADBRIDGE**  
The Palms

1001 Jefferson Ave. Detroit, Mich.

### Camping as a Health Measure

Parents know that the most essential element in a successful lifetime is good health. They know that this vital factor requires planning, while the children are young, for the busy years ahead, when exercise and health are too apt to be forgotten.

One of the most satisfactory methods of developing a strong body is, as parents will agree, the systematic life of a summer camp.

### OUR DIRECTORY

On these pages are the names of carefully investigated camps and of their directors, who are approved specialists in health and play for children. These men and women are so convinced of the life-time value of good health for children that they spend much time and energy for the greater part of a year in order to contribute their camping experience toward making finer, more robust future citizens for the country.

This is the only camp directory which is designed primarily to assist parents in finding camps which have special accommodations for juniors between the ages of three and thirteen.



### HOUSE OF THREE BEARS

Boys and girls 1 to 9

Tomahawk Lake, Wisconsin  
Beautiful play life. 1700 feet above sea level. 30 acres of land, sand beach, log cabin homes, modern sanitation, Counselor for every four children. Directors graduates of National Kindergarten and Elementary College. Catalog upon request.

MRS. CHARLES LLOYD  
2026 Colfax St. Evanston, Illinois



After a shower both ends of the rainbow are at Stone Hill Camp. This is because it is such a delightful place and also because it is large enough to accommodate an entire rainbow. Located in the magic northlands of Wisconsin. May we send you our catalogue?

**STONE HILL CAMP**  
FOR GIRLS  
1922 Stevens Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

### QUINNEH TUK CAMP FOR BOYS

Life in the open for younger boys under ideal conditions. Riding horses, ponies and carts, swimming, athletics, mountain climbing, camp fires, table right, moderate expense, no extras. Booklet.

HOWARD A. M. BRIGGS  
Twonekanah, Northfield, Mass.



### CAMP NEECARNIS

Big Star Lake  
Baldwin, Mich.

Every girl receives the Director's personal attention. Expert counselors. Horseback riding, Water Sports, Hikes. Resident nurse.

Eight week season beginning June 30.

Illustrated Booklet Sent on Request

Miss EDITH C. HOLT, Director  
39 Fitch Place, S. E., Grand Rapids, Michigan

### KAMP KAIRPHREE For Girls

In the pines of northeastern Michigan. On Lake Huron. Land and water sports. Crafts, dancing, nature-study. Tents with floors and mosquito screening. Personal supervision stressed. Staff of college women. Resident nurse. All positions filled. Enrollment limited.

MRS. G. R. SWAIN, Director  
713 E. University Ave., Ann Arbor, Michigan.



## Orchard Hill Camp for Children

ON THE BEAUTIFUL FOX RIVER, FORTY MILES WEST OF CHICAGO

A UNIQUE camp planned exclusively for the younger children. Limited enrollment. Girls three to fourteen, boys three to ten.

Illustrated booklet of information sent on request

Address: DR. EDITH B. LOWRY, Director

ORCHARD HILL CAMP FOR CHILDREN,

St. Charles, Ill.



"Out of the Wild"

## When I was in Yellowstone Park last summer—

I asked a little boy what he had come to see. "Bears!" he said, without even stopping to think. He saw a lot of them too, for they go walking about most everywhere—big black bears and medium sized brown bears and little baby cubs. Three or four times they held up our car and the little boy threw sugar to them.

Yellowstone Park is a great big playground where there are mountain sheep, moose, buffalo, elk, antelope, deer, and geysers and colored pools.

Would you like to have a book that tells all about Yellowstone and the "In Gardiner, Out Cody" way to see it, with lunch at Buffalo Bill's Shooting Lodge? If you will mail the coupon below to me I'll send you the Yellowstone book free. If you'd like to have a picture of the bears, just tell me, and I'll send that, too. — A. B. Smith.

## Northern Pacific Ry.

"First of the Northern Transcontinentals"

Mail this coupon to A. B. Smith,  
743 Northern Pacific Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

### MY VACATION TRIP

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Books or trips I am interested in (v)	Round Trip Summer Fare from Chicago
<input type="checkbox"/> Yellowstone Park	\$59.35
<input type="checkbox"/> Rocky Mountains (Helena-Butte)	61.95
<input type="checkbox"/> Inland Empire (Spokane)	85.05
<input type="checkbox"/> Pacific Northwest (Portland)	90.30
<input type="checkbox"/> Rainier Park - Seattle	90.30
<input type="checkbox"/> Alaska (Skagway)	190.30
<input type="checkbox"/> Dude Ranch Vacations	\$57.95 to 66.90
<input type="checkbox"/> Escorted Tours (all expense)	\$199.00 to 226.00

I'll gladly make your Hotel or Pullman reservations.

**"Route of the North Coast Limited"**

170

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S CHILDHOOD HOME

(Continued from page 73)

had the same lesson his sister had because he was so quick and eager to learn and studied till he kept up with her.

Mr. Lincoln thought such bothering with lessons was all foolishness because there was so much work to be done. From the time he was a little boy, his life had been a very hard one and he never had the chance to see how much of a help it is to be educated. But Mrs. Lincoln knew how to read and write and could tell wonderful stories; she was determined that her children should have their chance in the world and Abraham helped her by learning all she could teach him.

Books were not plentiful then as now; there was no big library, no magazines, no pretty pictures. Mrs. Lincoln had a Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Life of Robinson Crusoe," and a life of Washington and one of Henry Clay. But think how much religion and history and fun a person could get just from those books! And because there were so few, Abraham read them over and over and over till he knew every single thing between the covers of each book. He liked reading much better than figuring; maybe because he liked learning about people.

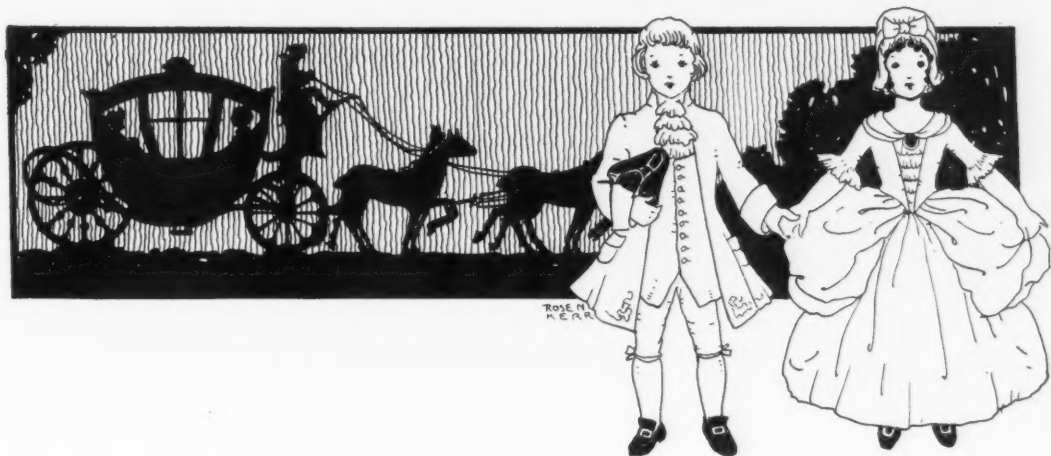
But do not think that this little girl and boy just worked and studied. To be sure they did those things most of the time, but they played some, too.

Down the hill a way from the cabin was Knob Creek, a little stream that ran into Rolling Rock River farther on. This particular late winter morning the sides of the creek were covered with ice but the children knew that each morning the rim of ice would be thinner and thinner, till some day there wouldn't be any ice but blooming violets instead. Just around the bend there was a great rock thrust out from the side of the hill till it hung, broad and flat and steady, almost over the edge of the brook.

The children called this rock "The Nice Stone" and played around it every time they had a chance. Surely they played keeping house and skidding down the rock to the edge of the water—almost getting wet just as you would, there, to-day. But there was never a very long playtime. No more would things get very interesting than Father or Mother would call, "Abraham! Sarah! Time to come and help!" And off the children would scamper toward the cabin home!

Of all his chores, the one Abraham liked best (except waiting on his mother, which he loved so much it hardly counted as a chore) was taking the corn to be ground at the mill about a mile away. He was very glad when, after a dinner of potatoes and corn dodger on this sunny day, his mother said, "Abraham, I think the meal is very low. Please

(Continued on page 112)

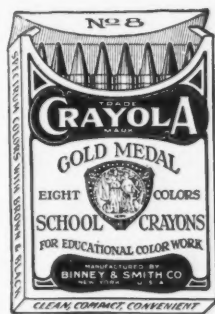


## In Washington's Time

THIS LITTLE BOY AND GIRL come to you hand in hand, dressed in the lovely silks and laces that people wore long ago, in the time of George Washington, whose birthday we are celebrating this month.

You can make pretty paper dolls of them. Copy them or cut them out, and color them with your "CRAYOLA" Crayons. The boy's coat is pale blue, his waistcoat yellow. The girl's dress and cap are pink. How would you like to be dressed in clothes like these?

"CRAYOLA" Crayons have such bright colors that it is great fun to draw pictures with them. Look for the name BINNEY & SMITH CO. on the yellow and green box.



"CRAYOLA" Crayons  
Eight Colors—10c

**BINNEY & SMITH CO.**  
41 East 42<sup>nd</sup> Street New York, N. Y.



# She needs you so!

To you alone  
can she look  
for this  
special care



FOR your little girl you ask many special things—things that will mean her future health and happiness. She is so helpless and dependent; she needs so many kinds of care—which only her mother can understand and give.

It's not only big things that she needs. Some of the little common things of every day are vital to her development.

To one of these simple things, in particular, school authorities are asking mothers to give special attention today. *To the school day breakfast!*

School nutrition authorities have found by actual test that the kind of breakfast your children eat has a direct effect upon the kind of work they do in the morning.

They have found that the one proper basis of school day breakfasts is a *hot* cereal. Note what the U. S. Bureau of Education says about this:

*"Eat a cooked cereal every morning.  
It makes you feel warm and gives you  
energy to work hard and play hard."*

So important has the Breakfast Rule become in the school health program, that it is now displayed on the wall in thousands of school rooms:

*"Every boy and girl needs  
a hot cereal breakfast."*

Such a little thing—yet it means so much! So much that you want for your children—strong bodies, quick minds. And only *you*, their mother, can do this for them!

Tomorrow morning send them to school with a supply of physical and mental energy to last



until noon. You can provide it in no surer way than with a steaming bowl of Cream of Wheat.

This famous food has been the stand-by of physicians for 30 years. They recommend it to mothers as an ideal cereal food.

They like it for its energy value. It supplies the life-giving energy young bodies and brains need—a full morning's supply of it.

Cream of Wheat is so easy to digest, too. It contains none of the indigestible parts of the wheat, so its rich store of energy is quickly and easily freed for use.

*You alone* can see that your children start off in the morning *fully prepared* for work—with the sustaining nourishment that a Cream of Wheat breakfast gives. If you need a new box of Cream of Wheat, your grocer will send it today.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

© 1927, C. of W. Co.

## To mothers

We have a booklet for you which contains authoritative information on correct diet for children from 6 months to high school age. We will gladly send it free with a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Sign your name below and send to Dept. R-2, Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Name.....

Sample (check if wanted).....

Address.....

## To teachers

To co-operate with your school health program we have had prepared by an experienced teacher a plan to interest children in eating a proper breakfast. Sent free to teachers or any school official. Fill in and mail form below to Dept. R-2, Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Name.....

Grade taught.....

Address.....

## WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

Number XXXVI

By RUTH BRADFORD

HA! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Yes, my dear friends I'm some bird, for I can bray like an ass and laugh even when I'm frightened. I'm such a joke of a bird that I shout and shriek with laughter every day at sunrise when I wake up in my home in the Australian Bush. You'd laugh too, if you could hear me.

I'm rather interesting to look at, for I look like other members of my family in the Giant Kingfisher group. My fancy name, though, is DACELO GIGAS (you tell my everyday one). And I'm a pretty good-sized forest bird, for I'm a foot and a half long. I think there is quite a beautiful color in my tail, and I'm sorry when people think my loose fluffy plumage seems a bit untidy.

The Australian Bush is a very interesting region. Come and visit me here some day and watch me eat grasshoppers and butterflies and nice tasty snakes. And listen to me laugh.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

## FARM LIFE

RUTH EDNA STANTON

I LOVE to go to see Aunt Flo  
And chase her old fat hen  
That wobbles all around the  
yard

Again and then again!

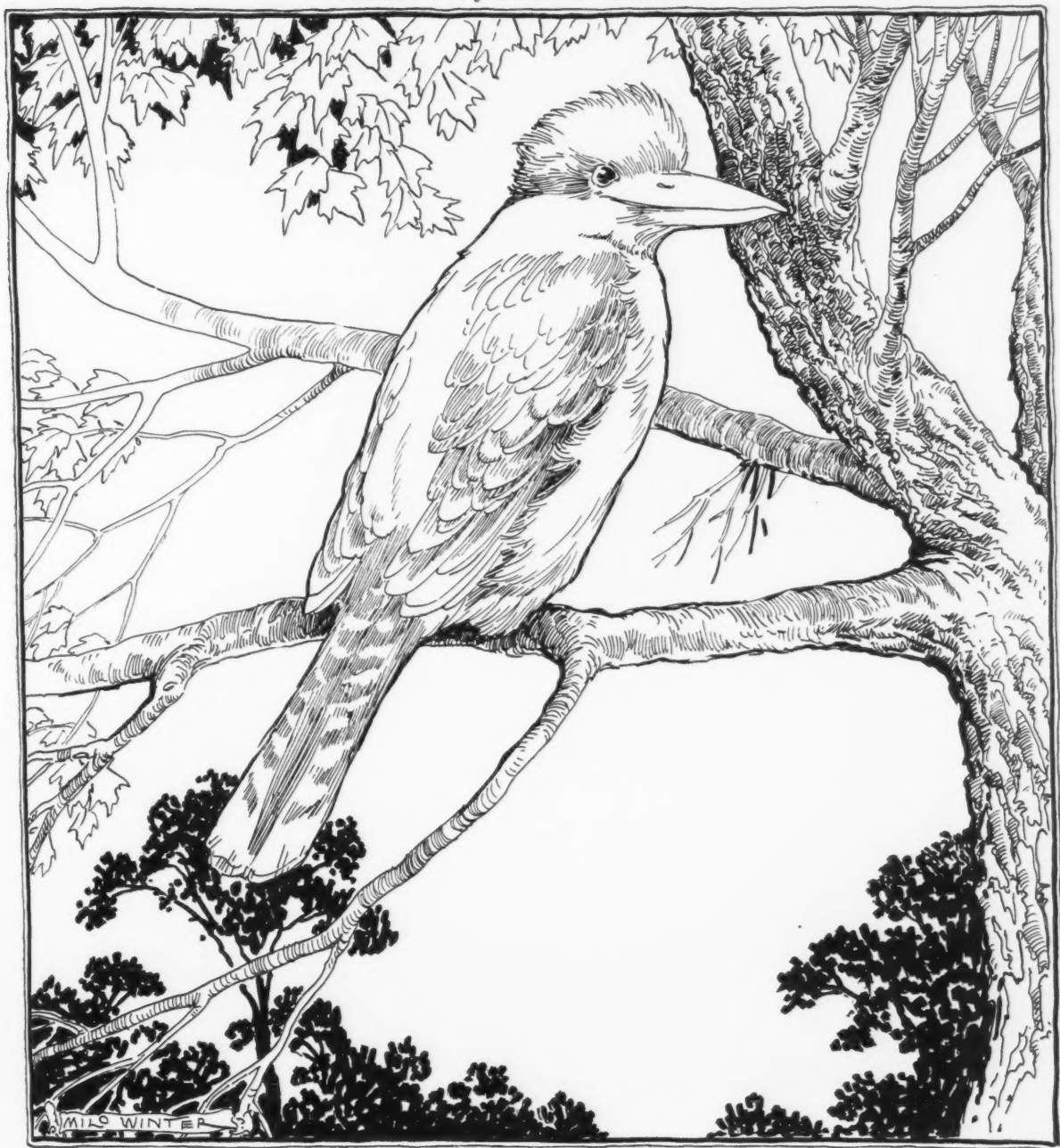
I love to watch the piggies eat  
And hear the horses neigh  
And run the little calves a race  
And slide down stacks of hay.

And when I'm dusted up a lot  
And sort of skinned my knees,  
I like to go inside and rest,  
And have some cottage cheese



# WHO'S WHO *in the* ZOO

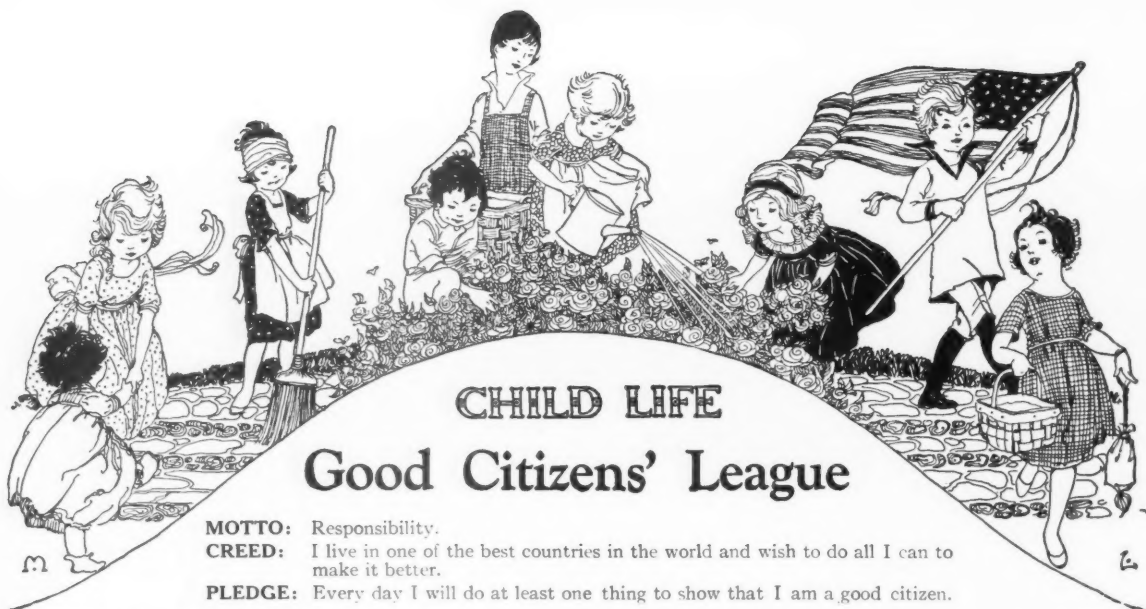
Conducted by RUTH BRADFORD



## NUMBER THIRTY-SIX

Dear Children: Read about me on page 106, then tell my name and color me in my really truly colors. Mail me so I'll reach Ruth Bradford, CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., before January 12. Be sure to send your name

and age and address with the page you color. The two best pages and answers by a girl win a prize, and so do the two best pages and answers by a boy. The names of the boys and girls who do the next best pages and answers are listed on our Honor Roll.



**MOTTO:** Responsibility.  
**CREED:** I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.  
**PLEDGE:** Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

### Democracy

The members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League were planning their usual Hero Day program for February to celebrate Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays. It was the suggestion of Miss Bradley, their counselor, that before that time each of them should memorize Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

"The knowing of just that one speech will enrich the life of any boy or girl who learns it," she told them. "Not only is it one of our greatest examples of pure and beautiful English, but as a declaration of the principles of our nation, it is almost unmatched."

David suggested that they start "enriching their lives" at once, and then and there the members of the Brocton league began to memorize the famous speech of America's great President.

"And government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth," read Miriam aloud.

"Washington gave us democracy and Lincoln preserved it," she said.

"Yes," said Miss Bradley, "Washington was responsible more than any other one man for giving us our democratic form of government, and Lincoln saved it in its first great crisis. And, more than that, both great men gave us a vision of how we—the citizens of our country—may continue to preserve democracy for ourselves and for the

world."

"For the world?" asked Bill.

"Yes, because the success of democracy in America, where it was given its first real trial, will in time mean its world-wide success. Then not only our nation will enjoy its fruits, but justice, equality and liberty will come to all the peoples of the earth.

ment of the people, for the people and by the people' takes practice. It requires the cooperation of everyone. Through your votes, some day you will have a voice in the government, and by learning to vote intelligently, you will prove that the democratic form of government is probably the wisest form of all."

### League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of *CHILD LIFE* may become a member of the league, and upon application, giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us. Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, *CHILD LIFE* Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

### A Good Citizen—Democracy

I read about George Washington.

I read about Abraham Lincoln. I memorized Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

I read one of Washington's speeches.

I read or listened to a reading of the Declaration of Independence.

I read the Preamble to the Constitution. I learned a Washington saying.

I learned to tell a Lincoln anecdote.

I helped take part in a Lincoln's birthday celebration.

I helped take part in a Washington's birthday celebration.

I hung out our flag on Lincoln's birthday.

### Message from

### WILSON L. GILL

*Inventor of the School Republic and President of the American Patriotic League.*

**A**FTER the conclusion of peace, Dr. Benjamin Rush, signer of the Declaration, in a famous address, made the following remark:

"There is nothing more common than to confound the term American revolution with that of the American war. The American war is over—but this is far from being the case with the American revolution. On the contrary, nothing but the first act of the great drama is closed. It remains yet to establish and perfect our new forms of government, and to prepare the principles, morals, and manners of our citizens for these forms of government after they are established and brought to perfection."

The war completed the first act of "the great drama." The signing of the Constitution completed the second act. The third act has scarcely begun. If it had been attended to then, it would probably have saved several millions of lives and billions of dollars. After a century and a half it is left to us to begin on a reasonable scale the third act. When this third act shall have been completed, all social, industrial and political conditions, such as at present threaten the very existence of our American Constitution and the democratic civilization that is dependent upon it will be matters of the past.

The School Republic is the solution of this tremendous problem.

That is why such a weight of responsibility rests upon us, as American citizens, to prove that democracy actually will work."

"And that's why it's up to us to learn to be Good Citizens, I suppose," said Elizabeth.

The counselor added, "Govern-



### A Good Citizen—Democracy

I asked the people in our block to hang out their flags.  
 I hung out a flag on Washington's birthday.  
 I told a story about Lincoln to a new American.  
 I told a story about Washington to a new American.  
 I sent a valentine to a lonely child.  
 I took a picture of Lincoln or of Washington to school.  
 I learned the names of the senators from my state.  
 I learned the name of the congressman from my district.  
 I learned the name of the governor of my state.  
 I learned the name of the mayor of my town or city.  
 I made a list of the qualities which I believe made Washington such a great man.  
 I made a list of the qualities which I believe made Lincoln such a great man.  
 I memorized "America."  
 I memorized "The Star Spangled Banner."

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above, and the best original activities are published and awarded extra points. Write your name, age, and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your February list of good deeds in time to reach us by March 5 if you want to see your name on the Honor Roll.

### Honor Roll for November

(Continued on page 124)

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during November:

Jean Applegate	Lyle Cooper
Mary Appleton	Carroll Connely
Robert Argbright	Mildred Cox
Wyatt Armstrong	Clarence Crampton
Geraldine Bagley	Martha Crawford
Carl Baker	Troy Crawford
Henry Banks	Laura Czerwinka
Lillian Barrett	Ed Daves
Florence Basak	Thomas Davies
Anthony Battista	Emma Davison
Margaret Baumgartner	Angeline De Conno
Ruth Beckman	John De Conno
Wallace Behm	Pauline Dicely
Elmer Beier	Frank Doser
Lucile Beier	Leland Dugan
Mabel Beier	Deane Duncan
Walter Beier	Marian Eastwich
Ernestine Bell	Willie Mae Eggerton
Lucybell Bennett	Paul Ellis
Ruth Bleick	L. Mae England
Robert Blood	Annie Etzler
Winifred Blynt	Marguerite Eurich
Cheris Bouquin	Frances Fabiano
Everette Bowen	Eleanor Fellows
Madonna Brannon	Guy Fellows
Cerilda Bryant	Polly Fields
David Bryant	Gertrude Finnegan
Maxine Buchanan	Geraldine Fleming
Lucille Buckingham	Wayman Foster
Dorothy Buckley	Robert Fuller
Bernice Burghdoff	Catherine Galloway
Fred Buser	Helen J. Gardner
Martha Buser	Shirley Gardner
Anitabel Byrne	Mary Garnish
Mary Campbell	Ruth Garver
Lloyd Canfield	Virginia Gealke
Bertel Carlson	Sebastian Giddings
Vivian Carson	Thomas Gleich
Theresa Castilone	Blair Goodman
Bessie Castle	Alice Gordon
Frances Chofflet	Clara Gosnell
Frances Clark	Melvin Grange
Elizabeth Clarke	Helen Greenbaum
Harry Clarke	Helen Griffiths
Raymond Claver	Mildred Griffiths
Edith Cline	Raymond Grimes
Edward Clinton	Erva Grinder
James Clinton	Orval Grunke
Mae Clinton	Anniebel Guillotte
Stanley Colburn	Doris Hageman
Betty Cooke	Jane Hailey



### Dainty and Airy As Elfin Fairies

The exquisite loveliness so perfectly expressed in "Suzanne Richter Made Lingerie" is not only as charming as childhood itself, but is daily bringing joy and delight to the hearts of Junior Misses everywhere.

#### Positive Guarantee of Satisfaction

Finished in pure silk, the beauty and strength of "Suzanne Richter Made Lingerie" is a revelation to Mothers. Daily tubbing does not diminish their soft, silken sheen. Require no ironing. Made for real service, every garment is backed with a Positive Guarantee of Satisfaction. Yet for all their lasting loveliness, they cost little more than drab, lusterless, commonplace things.

Write for booklet.

*Suzanne*

Richter-Made Lingerie, Inc.  
 1645 Hennepin Avenue

#### Cunning Drop Seat Union Suit only \$2.75

Because of economies effected through direct distribution, we are making this Special Offer to readers of "Child Life Magazine." By using this coupon before March 1st, 1927, we will ship C. O. D. or PREPAID the cunning drop seat Union Suit with bloomer knee in either style illustrated. In Ages 4 to 10 years, each \$2.75. The regular price is \$3.50. In ages 12 to 16 years, each \$3.00. The regular price is \$3.85. Color selection White, Flesh or Peach.

RICHTER-MADE LINGERIE, Inc.  
 1645 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Enclosed find \$2.75 for Drop Seat Union Suit.  
 Age..... Color..... or \$3.00 for Age.....

☐ Please ship Drop Seat Union Suit C. O. D.  
 Age..... Color.....

Name.....  
 Address.....  
 City.....  
 State.....

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

America's Leading Authorities Endorse

## The Kindergarten Children's Hour



Edited by LUCY WHELOCK

Head of The Wheelock School for Kindergartners, Boston

*The Kindergarten Children's Hour* offers a rich library of the most carefully selected material to help mothers in guiding and instructing their children.

### A New Idea in Helps for Mothers

In one volume you will find 135 matchless stories especially adapted for very little children—and such stories are the hardest of all stories to find. Another volume is crammed full of just the right suggestions for games and occupations to answer adequately the cry of "What can we do now, mother?" A third volume tells you how to explain, in a way intensely interesting to your children, the everyday things of life that every child wants to know. Still another volume contains wonderfully inspiring and helpful advice by one of the world's leading experts upon child training, telling how best to handle children of every temperament on all occasions. And lastly a volume of 155 songs that children love, together with singing games.

This gives you but a faint idea of the wealth of material in these five volumes.

Simply fill out and mail the coupon below. The postman brings the five volumes to your door. We want you to inspect these books for a week at your leisure, *free*.

**Send No Money—Send This Coupon NOW!**

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, Private Library Dept  
4 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

Please send me the five volumes of *The Kindergarten Children's Hour*. If they are not just what I want, I will return the books within seven days after receiving them, without obligation, or, if satisfactory, I will pay \$1 within seven days after receipt of the books and \$2 a month thereafter for seven months, or \$14.25 within seven days after receipt of the books, in full payment.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

C.L.-2

## ANOTHER BOY, NAMED ABE

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

ONCE another little boy  
Just the age of me  
Thought of when he'd be grown-up,  
And planned what he would be.  
A little boy named little Abe—  
Barefoot, too, he went—  
He said, "Let's see! I'd like to be  
The President!"  
He was. And I would like to be!  
Perhaps I will—(You doubt me?)  
And on my birthday little boys  
Will speak a piece about me!



## VALENTINE HASH

(Continued from page 87)

I wish you could have seen how excited Miriam was when she found the fat boy there. But did she eat him? Well, I should say she did not! In the first place, she wasn't sure just how clean he was. And then he was a *grand* toy.

"But he won't ever be one-half so dear to me as you are," she whispered in the left-over doggie's ear, as she tucked him, box and all, under her pillow that night. "He just never could compare at all with you."

And so they all had a happy home forever after.



## ROGER AT THE HELM

(Continued from page 92)

in the darkness. He thought he saw an outline of a figure that dashed from the depths of the dark clump of cedars below the house. He could not see what it was. Then, unmistakably, there was the sound of a scuffle.

And then came Roger's call: "Short! Short! Short!"

It was a cry for help! In an instant, Shorty forgot everything else and dashed after Roger into the blackness down by the cedars on the hill.

(Part II of "Roger At The Helm" will appear in the March issue of CHILD LIFE.)

## GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

ELEANOR HAMMOND

WHEN George Washington was small,  
When he was just five and ten,  
Did they give him birthday parties?  
Had he birthday presents then?

When he was a little boy  
Very many years ago,  
Did he have a birthday cake  
With wax candles all aglow?

I hope that he had birthday parties,  
Lots of presents, too, and toys—  
But most I hope he had a cake  
Just like other girls and boys!



## OUR BOOK FRIENDS

(Continued from page 101)

- Boy At Gettysburg - - - - - Elsie Singmaster  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON
- Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln - - - - - Helen Nicolay  
CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK
- The Concord Hymn - - - - - Ralph Waldo Emerson
- Daniel Boone: Wilderness Scout - - - - - Stewart Edward White  
DOUBLEDAY PAGE & COMPANY, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.
- Days of the Pioneers - - - - - Louise Lamprey  
FREDERICK A. STOKES, NEW YORK
- Famous American Statesmen - - - - - Sarah K. Bolton  
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Land of Fair Play - - - - - Geoffrey Parsons  
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
- Lincoln, the Man of the People - - - - - William H. Mace  
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
- Little Pioneers - - - - - Maud Radford Warren  
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
- Magic Casements - - - - - Compiled by George S. Carhart and  
Paul A. McGhee  
MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Map of America's Making - - - - - In color by Paul M. Paine  
R. R. BOWKER & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- More Than Conquerors - - - - - Ariadne Gilbert  
CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK
- New Moon - - - - - Cornelia Meigs  
MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Old Times in the Colonies - - - - - Charles C. Coffin  
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
- On the Trail of Washington - - - - - Frederick T. Hill  
D. APPLETON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Oregon Trail - - - - - Francis Parkman  
LITTLE BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON
- Pioneers! O Pioneers - - - - - Walt Whitman
- Seven Ages of Washington - - - - - Owen Wister  
MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Stories of America - - - - - Eva March Tappan  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON
- Story of Nancy Hanks - - - - - Ethel Calvert Phillips  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON
- Trailmakers of the Middle Border - - - - - Hamlin Garland  
MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Two Little Confederates - - - - - Thomas Nelson Page  
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
- The White Leader - - - - - Constance L. Skinner  
MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Becky Landers - - - - - Constance L. Skinner  
MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK



## Uncle Jim's Personally Conducted Tours to Foreign Lands



## No. 1-Children of JAPAN

Join Uncle Jim on his jolly trip around the world! We'll see the boys and girls of other lands at play - Japan, Spain, Holland, Mexico, etc. Won't that be fun?

In the picture above, he takes us to see the little Japs. Color it with crayons or water colors (American Crayon Water Colors and Crayons are the best); then cut it out, including frame, title and all, and paste it in the "Uncle Jim's World Tour Album" we will send you upon request.

Just write us for it - it's free. You'll like this album. There's a place for your own name on it, 'n' everything. And spaces where you paste in succeeding pictures, six in all. Each picture is numbered - and when complete, you will have a World Tour for your very own - that you made yourself. Write today.

Your dealer should carry the "Old Faithful" Toy Line. Ask him to show you the beautiful "Children of All Nations Box." If he doesn't carry it, pin a dollar to your coupon, check it properly, and you will receive a "Children of All Nations Box" (contents: paints, crayons, drawing book) as well as the free Album.



**THE AMERICAN CRAYON COMPANY**  
HOME OFFICE AND FACTORIES  
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### ALBUM COUPON

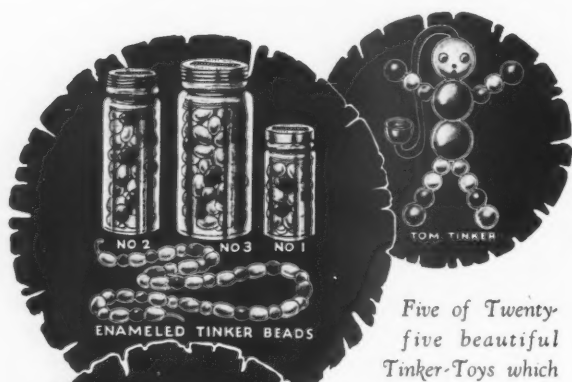
Dear Uncle Jim  
Box 351,  
Sandusky, Ohio.

Send me FREE your World Tour Album.  
Also send me a "Children of All Nations Toy Box" for which I enclose \$1.00.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City and State.....



# TINKER TOYS



ENAMELED TINKER BEADS

Five of Twenty-five beautiful Tinker-Toys which bring happiness to Children and more leisure to mothers.



7 IN ONE TINKER

Tinker-Toys are popularly priced and can be purchased in all stores where good toys are sold.

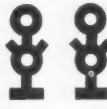


TINKERTOY  
THE WONDER  
BUILDER

THEY WILL NOT BREAK  
THEIR COLORS LAST



THE NEW  
TINKER PINS

The   
Toy Pinkers—Inc.  
EVANSTON—ILLINOIS

## BEHIND THE CLOUDS

DIXIE WILLSON

THE moon is a pretty elf,  
She shines a while—then hides herself!  
I just believe she's laughing down  
At all the street lights in our town,  
Because *she* is so big and bright,  
And *they* make such a tiny light.  
But, to be sure, no single one  
Will *see* and think she's making fun—  
She's very careful all the while  
To go behind the clouds—to smile.



## ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S CHILDHOOD HOME

(Continued from page 104)

take this sack of corn to the mill, and mind you, don't stay so long that dark overtakes you, son!"

It was just as well she reminded him, for the woods were so lovely in the sunshine that the little boy spied every bird nest on the way and wondered how long it would be till the songsters came back—not many weeks now surely. He inspected the bushes where there would be berries to pick a little later and chased a rabbit or two a merry race. But being at the mill was best of all, for the miller's mother was a great friend of his and this day had a wheat cake for him and a copy of Aesop's Fables for a gift. And while the corn was being ground into meal, she read him one of the stories and talked to him about England, where her husband lived and where she got that precious book.

No wonder the little boy, grown to be a great man and a President, remembered some of the friends and the pleasures of the simple but very happy home of his childhood! The many things he loved and learned there helped to make him the kind, faithful and understanding person he always was.



## THE MUSIC OF THE BLACK FOLK

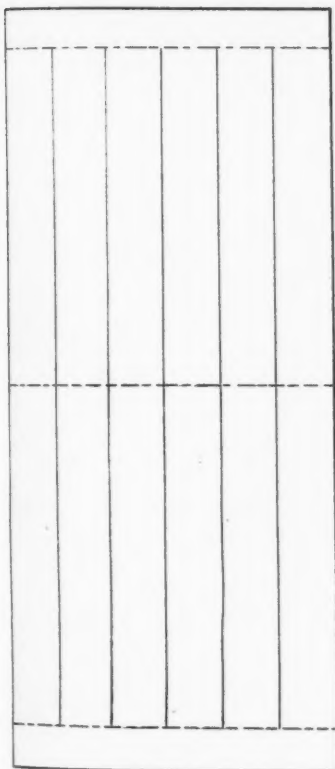
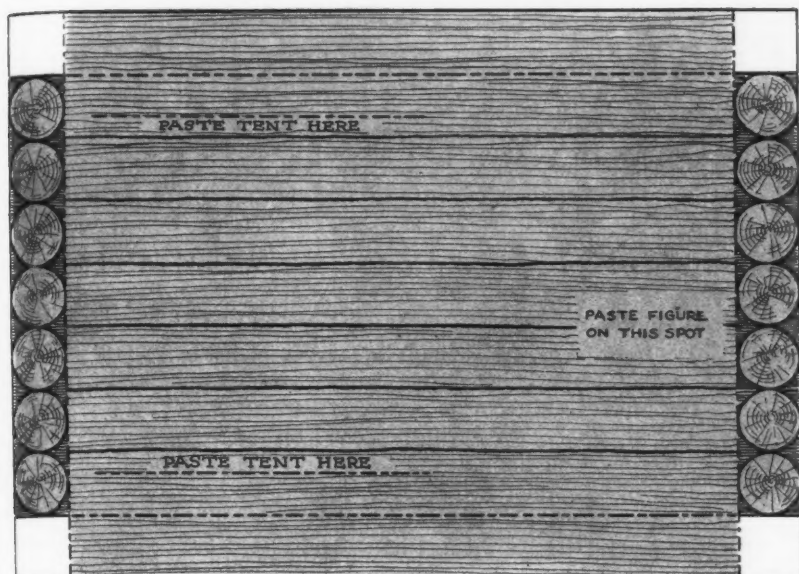
(Continued from page 89)

Negro. Ragtime and jazz are but two of his several characteristic gifts to the white man's music. But the real value of the Negroes' musical gift is in its rhythms, its melodic plaintiveness, its original harmonies, its sincerity and simplicity. Sing these songs of the southern black man until you know them, then be sure to reread "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Uncle Remus," and I'll guarantee that you will grow up to be better American citizens, besides having more fun while you are growing up.

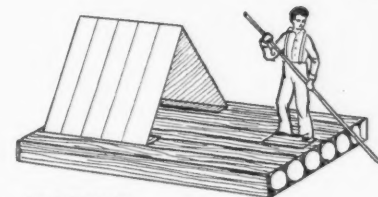
Note: Edward MacDowell has written a short piano piece called "Uncle Remus." Learn this portrait in tones. You will then be well introduced to the cheery old gentlemen and will love him and his like ever after.

# A FAMOUS RAFTSMAN

*By John Dukes McKee.*



FOLD CORNERS OF  
RAFT LIKE THIS.



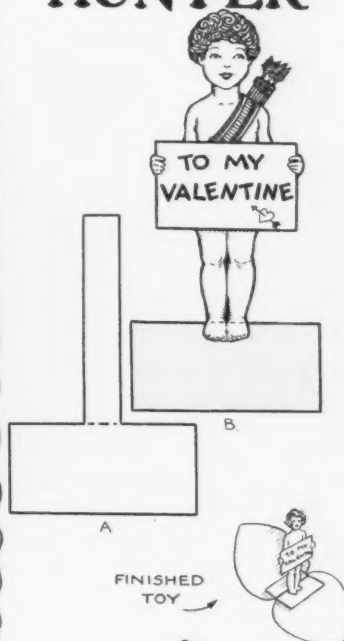
SKETCH OF  
FINISHED TOY

TO MAKE the Famous Raftsman, mount all the pieces, except the tent, on strong paper about as heavy as the back of this magazine. Fold and paste in the way shown in the small sketch directly below. Fold and paste the tent in position, as shown in sketch of completed toy. Fold the figure at the feet and paste in the space provided on the raft. Place the toy with the hollow part down on the water and you will have a miniature of Honest Abe taking his trip down the Ohio.

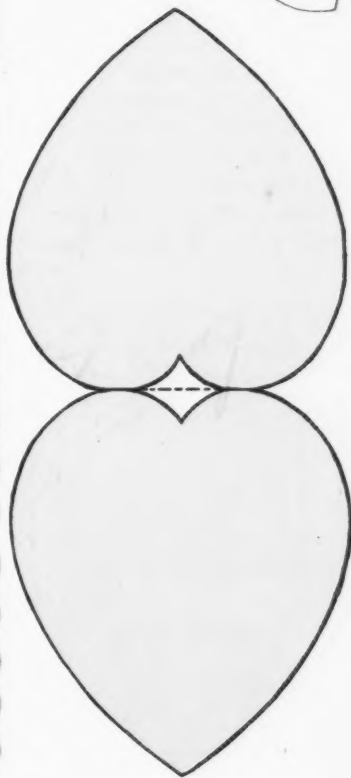
## DIRECTIONS

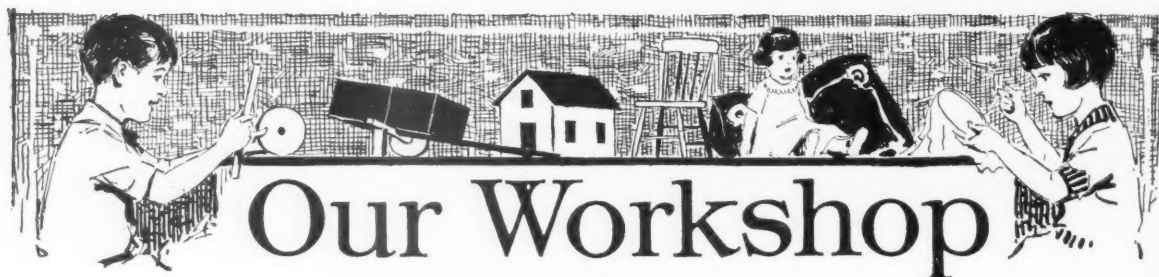
To make the Heart Hunter, paste the double heart on a piece of strong paper. Paste the piece "A" from the dotted line upward, directly to the back of the Cupid. Be sure that the bottom parts of the pieces are even and not pasted together. Now bend the bottom parts outward and paste at the center dotted line between the two hearts. Fold the hearts together. When you open them, Dan Cupid will stand up and greet you.

# The HEART HUNTER



FINISHED  
TOY





# Our Workshop

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "The Boy Craftsman" "Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys,"  
"Home-Made Games and Game Equipment," etc

## A PUPPET THEATER

**P**UPPET or marionette shows are quite the thing. Probably, you have seen one. They are usually very funny, and grown folks enjoy them as much as children do. But all of the fun isn't in the watching. It is even more fun to own the show and to make the puppets act.

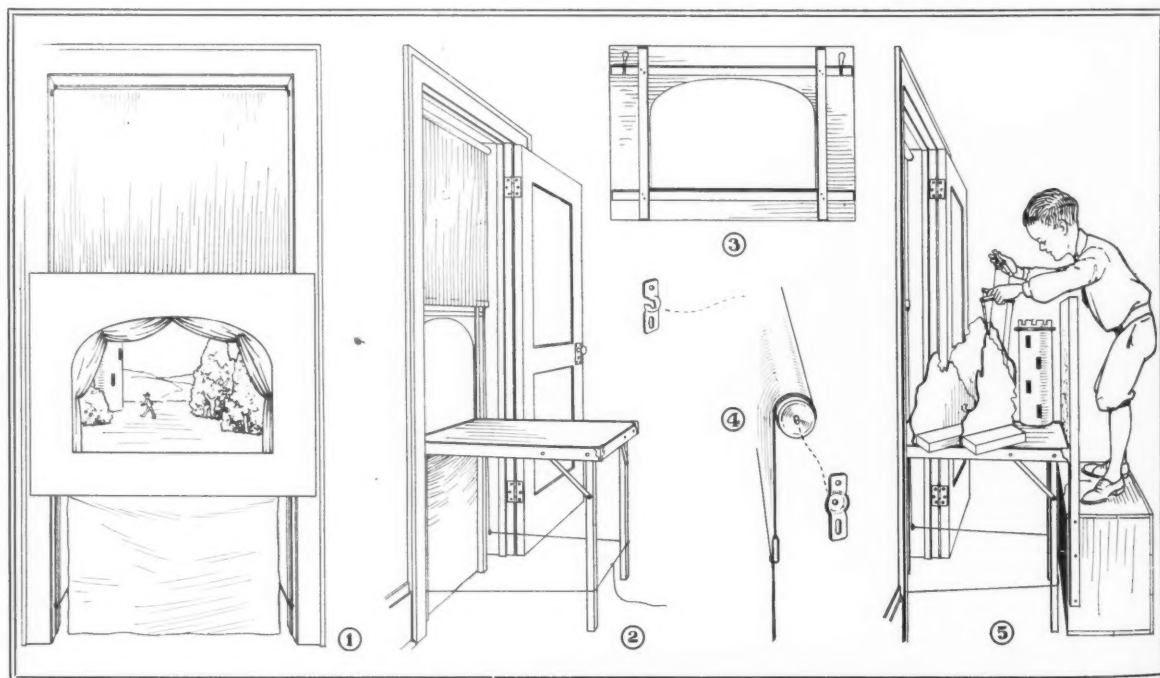
A puppet show is one of the easiest forms of entertainment for children to get up that I know of. First of all, you must have a little theater, and a home-made theater is shown in the illustrations. It is built in a doorway. That is the best place to build it, because it saves rigging up curtains each side of it to conceal what the audience is not supposed to see, including the puppeteers, those who make the puppets perform. A clothes-closet doorway will do very nicely if there is no other that you can use.

The stage is a card table, or other small table, with a top 28 inches square. Stand this in the

doorway (Fig. 2). The front of the stage, called the proscenium, is built upon a frame made of four laths or lattice-strips, crossed as shown in Fig. 3, then covered with wrapping paper, and the paper cut to form an arched opening. Make the width of the opening the same as the width of the table, and the height 18 inches. Fasten a loop of string to a tack near each end of the top strip of the frame, as shown in Fig. 3, and drive brads into the door casings to hang the loops on. Then the proscenium will appear, as shown in Fig. 1. The paper covering may be painted with radiator bronze, or decorated with colored pictures cut from some of your mothers old magazines. Conceal the space below the table with a sheet or other cloth tacked to the edge of the table.

The stage curtain is a window-shade. Probably there is an old one in the storeroom. Father will help you put it up. The shade brackets (Fig. 4)

(Continued on page 118)





# The Twelve Dancing Princesses

## PUZZLE—

FIND THE YOUTH WITH THE MAGIC CLOAK

By HELEN HUDSON



## OUR WORKSHOP

(Continued from page 116)

are screwed to the door jambs near the top. By setting them high, the curtain will conceal the head of the puppeteer (Fig. 5). For raising and lowering the curtain, two screw-eyes are screwed into the stick in the shade, a piece of wrapping twine is attached to each screw-eye, and these strings are run through small screw-eyes screwed into the door jambs near the floor, then brought around the legs of the stage table, as shown in Fig. 2, and tied.

In addition to the curtain, there is a "drop" of velour or other drapery goods, draped around the stage side of the proscenium. This is shown in Fig. 1.

Figure 1 shows a setting with one puppet on the stage. Figure 5 shows the same setting, and how the puppeteer manipulates the strings which regulate the puppet's movements.

A grocery box makes a good platform for the puppeteer. And the back drop of the scenery may be tacked to a frame nailed to this box, as shown.

The stage is lighted from the front and sides by floor lamps, or drop-cords, which are easily adjusted to get the desired effects. Colored tissue papers or silks may be thrown over the lamps to produce colored lighting.

Next month I shall tell you how to build scenery, and how to make and operate the puppets.



## THE PRICE OF THE PARROT-SWAN

(Continued from page 96)

body's hero, and we'd be proud to have his boat—we've heard so much about the kind of fellow he was."

"Is that it?" Mr. Lanson turned to Bob and Rodney and both nodded. "Then," he said, and his face lighted with a smile and happiness they had not seen before, "then I guess there's no better way of our remembering him than for you to have her."

"And the price?" Bob had again reached into his pocket.

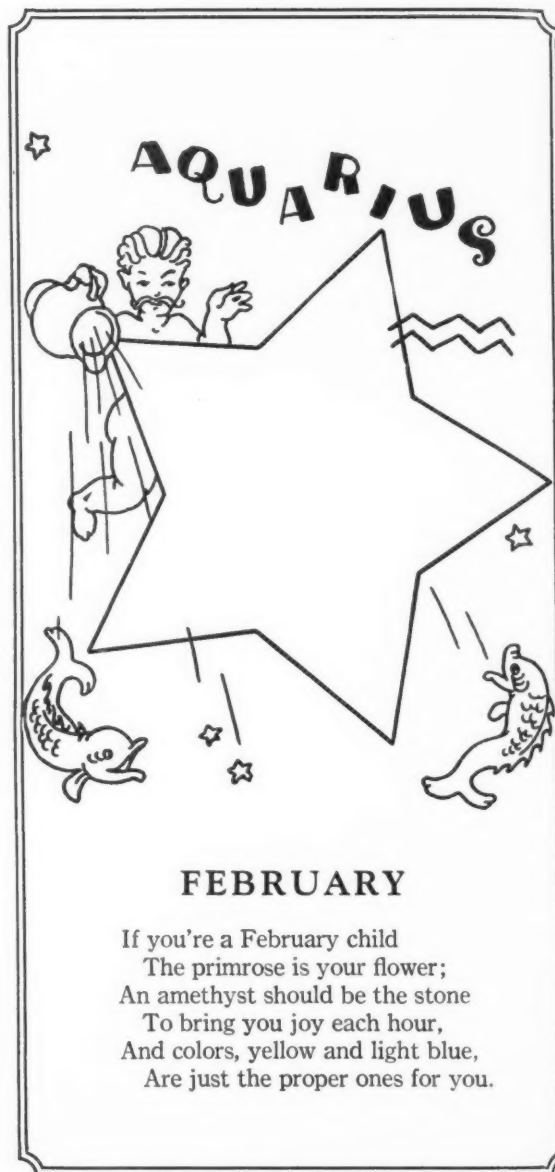
"That you enjoy her to the last inch, to the last splotch of yellow paint," was the reply.

"I guess we can pay that, all right," Jerry grinned, "even to enjoying the last patch on her silly sail."

With a hurried good-by to their new friend, the proud owners of the *Parrot-Swan* sped down the steps and down the road, to where their treasure lay.

THE END

## Birthday Album



### FEBRUARY

If you're a February child  
The primrose is your flower;  
An amethyst should be the stone  
To bring you joy each hour,  
And colors, yellow and light blue,  
Are just the proper ones for you.

### BIRTHDAY ALBUM

To make the CHILD LIFE Birthday Album, trace the illustration given each month in an attractive scrapbook and copy the verses for the month beneath the picture. On the reverse side of the page—or on the following page—paste snapshots of the members of your family and friends who were born during that month and have them write their names and the dates of their birthdays. On the cover of your album, draw three stars somewhat smaller than the one in the illustration. In two of these paste photographs of your father and mother; in the third, paste a picture of yourself. If you prefer, you may buy several gilt stars the proper size at a paper novelty or stationery store, and either paste your photographs on these, or cut out the center of the stars, tracing around a coin to make your circle perfectly round, and paste the stars over your pictures, so that the edges will form frames. At the end of the year, you will have a horoscope for each month, and your album will be complete.



#### CLUB MOTTO

*The only joy I keep is what I give away*

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to  
CHILD LIFE

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, *Editor*

536 S. CLARK STREET CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

#### VALENTINE DAY

Valentine Day will soon be here;  
It comes around but once a year.  
If I could only have my way,  
I'd have a valentine every day.

DORIS GASKILL,  
Barnegot, N. J.

Age 6.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I want to tell you how much I enjoy CHILD LIFE. I am very sorry to say that my last copy comes in December. But I am hoping that Daddy will give me CHILD LIFE for a Christmas present. I was very glad to see that my mother's new book, "Chi-Wee and Loki," was advertised on your book page. I hope to be an author when I grow up. I am only eleven now.

I am very sorry to see that "The Treasure of Belden Place," is not to be continued because I thought it was very interesting.

I live in Pasadena, California, and I have (all my life) thought Pasadena was the prettiest city in the world, because we are a ten-minute ride from the mountains and a thirty-mile ride from the beach, so we can go to the beach every summer. I wish all the readers of CHILD LIFE could enjoy the beach every summer as we do.

Lovingly yours,

MARY CARYL MOON,  
Pasadena, Calif.

Age 11½



ELLEN M. TOWER

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have taken CHILD LIFE for three years, and this is my fourth year. I would like to become a member of the Joy Givers' Club so will you please send me a member-

ship card? I have a little sister three and one half years old, and she seems always to be getting into mischief. Here is a picture of my sister and myself.

Sincerely,  
ELLEN M. TOWER,  
Brookline, Mass

Age 10.

#### SNOW

Snowflakes, snowflakes, pretty snow.  
On the ground you all must go!

Softly, softly, here and there.  
Coming from the flaky air.

I love you as much as I can, you see,  
But a boy is throwing snowballs at me.

And we are having a good time together.  
Oh, how I love this good old weather!

MAY KIRBY MILAM,  
Atlanta, Ga

Age 8.

#### VALENTINE FAIRIES

Valentine fairies, as you know,  
Bring us valentines and snow,  
For they are the ones that shake it down  
Upon the sea and all around.  
But valentines they bring to all.  
And joy to people large and small.

Age 9½

BERENICE BEST,  
Brightmoor, Mich.





## Cantilevers free her feet for healthful exercise

WHEN children choose up sides for a game, it is generally the child with weak feet that is picked last—or left out altogether. For it takes sound, active feet to play vigorously.

In Cantilever Shoes a child's feet are free to build up the muscular strength needed for running, skipping and jumping. Cantilever shoes are shaped like the natural foot and are flexible from toe to heel. They harmonize with the action of the foot, permitting the muscles to maintain the strength necessary to hold the twenty-six bones in arched formation.

Cantilever Shoes fit splendidly, with room for the toes and snugness about the heel. These shoes give children a chance to reach maturity with perfect feet.

If the address of your local Cantilever store is not listed in the 'phone book, the Cantilever Corporation, 428 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. will be glad to send it to you.

## Cantilever Shoe



For Health and Economy

Men, Women, Children

### MY KITTEN

I have a little kitty,  
Whiskers is his name.  
He is so pretty,  
I was happy when he came.

DONALD KNIGHT.  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I love CHILD LIFE so much that I can hardly wait until it comes each month. It gives me so much joy.

I am sending my favorite picture of myself. I am in fancy dress and represent Martha Washington.

Sincerely yours,  
DOROTHY M. MCKENZIE,  
Topeka, Kans.

Age 10.



DOROTHY MARY MCKENZIE

### MT. VERNON AS I SAW IT

I went to Mt. Vernon Tuesday, June 23. It is the old home of George Washington. It still is called Mt. Vernon. It is owned by the Mt. Vernon Ladies Association, which keeps it up and cares for it. I went in our automobile with Daddy and Mother and others. We parked our machine near North Lodge Gate and all had to pay to enter except me.

There are nineteen rooms in the mansion. Outside is the kitchen, separate from the house and connected by a colonnade or passage.

The other buildings are the carpenter shop, spinning room, with the loom in it; the barn, which is the oldest building, built by Washington's father; and the carriage house which contains the old coach. There is an old summer house and wharf on the Potomac River.

We also saw the old tomb, from which his body had been removed to the new tomb. The inscription on the new tomb is: "Within this enclosure rest the remains of Gen. George Washington."

We went to the mansion and saw many beautiful things. We saw the key of the Bastille, which was a French prison, in Paris. We saw the room in which Washington died and the one in which Mrs. Washington died. We saw four swords which belonged to Washington in a glass case, and at the top are his powder horn and bugle. It was the most interesting place I ever saw.

BILLY WILBUR,  
Charleston, S. C.

Age 9.

## CALIFORNIA



### Where Every Day Is a Play Day

and where every day is blest with the genial warmth, sunshine and flowers of a glorious Springtime that never ends. Play in the sand on the beach, or enjoy a dip in the blue Pacific. Go fishing, or motor to a hundred interesting places. See the famous old missions, the miles of orange groves, the mountains—Everything is here to make it a real vacation for you, mother and daddy.

**THE PIONEER OVERLAND ROUTE**  
is the scenic way to California. More to see of the real West this way. The route of these Fine, Fast California Trains.

### SAN FRANCISCO OVERLAND LIMITED

Ten Dollars Extra Fare—63 Hours

Lv. Chicago (C. & N. W.) - 8:10 p. m.  
Ar. San Francisco (3d day) - 9:10 a. m.

Only 63-hour train to the Golden Gate

A world-famous, de-luxe flyer with bath, maid, manicure, barber, valet.

### LOS ANGELES LIMITED

Ten Dollars Extra Fare—63 Hours

Lv. Chicago (C. & N. W.) - 8:00 p. m.  
Ar. Los Angeles (3d day) - 9:00 a. m.

A magnificently appointed de-luxe flyer with bath, maid, manicure, barber, valet.

### NEW GOLD COAST LIMITED

To San Francisco - Los Angeles

No Extra Fare—68 Hours

Lv. Chicago (C. & N. W.) - 8:30 p. m.  
Ar. San Francisco (3d day) - 2:30 p. m.  
Ar. Los Angeles (3d day) - 2:30 p. m.

All-Pullman, barber, bath, valet, maid.

Two Other Fast Trains From Chicago  
Continental Limited—California Mail

For full information, reservations and tickets ask

C. A. CAIRNS, Pass'r Traffic Manager  
226 W. Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.



1186

OUR TRIP

This summer we went through Yosemite National Park. They have two camps where you can stay. We stayed at Camp Curry.

One day we took a trip to the Mariposa Grove of big trees. These are the largest redwood trees in the world. They are about three hundred feet high and thirty feet in diameter. The oldest tree is called Grizzly Bear. It is three thousand years old. One of the branches on this tree is the size of a large ordinary-sized tree. The largest tree is General Sherman. It is thirty-three feet in diameter and three hundred twenty-five feet high. There is another large tree which has fallen, and a person has to go up steps to get onto it, it is so large.

There are four large falls. They are the Vernal, Nevada, Bridal Veil and Yosemite Falls. They are all over three hundred feet high. Yosemite is the highest. It is 2370 feet high.

Every night they have a firefall from Glacier Point. This means that they have a large fire up at Glacier Point, two thousand feet above Camp Curry. Then, when the fire has died down and only the red hot embers are left, they push these hot coals over the bank. It is a very beautiful sight from Camp Curry.

Every other week, they have a firefall from a place called Half Dome. It is a large rock about a thousand feet higher than Glacier Point. They don't have a firefall every night because it is so hard to get the supplies there. The people have to pull themselves up with cables to get to the top. There are many other rocks and they are all granite. It is said that the granite in a rock called El Capitan would pave all the streets in New York City, make all the buildings and there would still be some left over.

There are many more wonderful and beautiful things in Yosemite besides those I have mentioned.

RUTH JUDSON,  
Niagara Falls, N. Y.



DONALD KNIGHT

Dear Miss Waldo:

My name is Donald Knight. I would like very much to join the Joy Givers' Club. I am eight years old. My father gave me CHILD LIFE for Christmas. I like it very much. I am sending you a picture of me. I like drawing very much. Some day, I would like to take a course in it.

DONALD KNIGHT,



## Healthy Children give Mothers more time for themselves

Foods cooked the Kitchen Craft Waterless way give children those vitamins and minerals so necessary to their health. And all mothers know that healthy children are happy children—busy children that require much less of her time.

A Kitchen Craft Waterless Cooker means still more time for mother—in other ways; it prepares an entire meal of meats, vegetables and desserts at one time over one flame, while she rests or does other things. Foods do not scorch or burn, and since no extra water is needed the foods are cooked in their own juices to appetizing, healthful perfection.

Send today for the Kitchen Craft Waterless Cooker booklet, and learn how you can enjoy more hours of leisure and better meals with this efficient cooker which food experts recommend as the ideal health meal preparer.

## KITCHEN CRAFT Waterless Cooker



The Kitchen Craft Waterless Cooker is strongly made of aluminum for a lifetime of service. It is supplied in 5 convenient sizes: \$7.50 and up.

[Slightly higher prices west of Rocky Mountains and in Canada.]

Kitchen Craft Waterless Cookers are sold direct to the home by specially trained, authorized representatives identified by the lapel button shown at the right.



**THE KITCHEN CRAFT CO.**  
HEALTH HILL WEST BEND, WIS.

Here is an interesting Booklet for you.

Kitchen Craft Co., Health Hill, West Bend, Wis.  
Please send me "Better Cooking," the booklet which describes the Kitchen Craft Waterless Way of preparing more healthful meals.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
County \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



Dear Mrs. Parent  
I am glad to see  
that your children  
are eating Tootsie  
Rolls at recess time,  
instead of sticky, un-  
wrapped kinds.  
Tootsie Rolls are  
pure candy, clean and  
carefully wrapped.  
Sincerely yours,  
Miss Teacher

## Tootsie Rolls

### 1c Rolls

Chocolate  
and  
Butterscotch



### 5c Rolls

Lunch Rolls  
Butterscotch Rolls  
Nut Rolls  
Molasses Rolls

If not at the store mail the coupon with a quarter and we will send you a Family Package. Enough for several day's supply for a children's party.

**The Sweets Company of America, Inc.**  
414 West 45th Street, New York

Enclosed is 25 cents in stamps. Please send me a Family Package of Tootsie Rolls. (Mark the flavor you want with an X.)

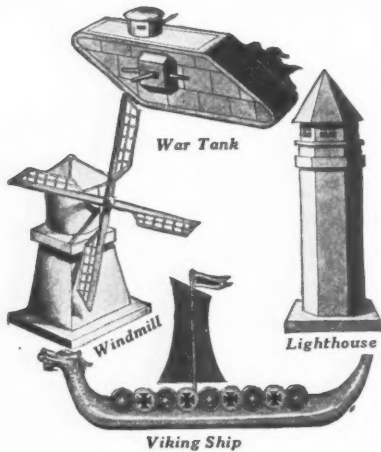
Chocolate ( ) Butterscotch ( )

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Dealer's Name .....



## "Mother, what can we do now?"

An answer to that old rainy day question

NOW in the season of the year when stormy days come and children have to be amused indoors, comes LePage's NEW Boys' Work Shop Book to show children how to have fun making their own fascinating toys.

In LePage's new Boys' Workshop book, we give you complete, easy-to-follow directions for making simple but fascinating toys like those shown above, and also directions for making a number of valuable and useful gifts. With a little help from you perhaps at the start, any child can spend hours and hours contentedly making cardboard toys.

You'll be interested in the method given in this book for making strong joints with LePage's Glue. LePage's Glue is a much more interesting tool to work with than you think. And there's another thing we give you in this book. It is a recipe for making LePage's Gesso—better than putty for filling in cracks, uneven places or nail holes in gifts made of wood and it provides an interesting method of decorating gifts and toys.

Send 10 cents for this NEW  
LePage's Boys' Workshop Book

Let the children try this new way of making their own toys. You and they will be surprised and pleased at the nice things they can make. Just write your name and address on the coupon below, tear the coupon out and mail it to us with 10 cents in coin or stamps. A copy of LePage's new Boys' Work Shop Book will be sent you at once, postpaid. Address: LePage's Craft League, Dept. BB-4, Gloucester, Mass.

# LE PAGE'S GLUE

In Bottles and Tubes

MAIL THIS COUPON

LEPAGE'S CRAFT LEAGUE  
Dept. BB-4, Gloucester, Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find 10 cents (coin or stamps) in payment for LePage's new Boys' Work Shop Book. Please send a copy to:

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I live down by the seashore. The big Japanese boats come into port, and also foreign ships.

We go to school on the island and have 30 pupils. We play in the sand, but I like to ride the pony, most of all.

Yours truly,

GERTRUDE JONES,

Age 11.

The oldest, wisest weather man,  
Can learn much from the Pelican.  
Whether it's going to rain or shine,  
He knows it 'way ahead of time.

GERTRUDE JONES,

Tybee Island, Ga.

Age 11.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am sending you a poem about Lincoln, which I hope you will print in your magazine, CHILD LIFE. I enjoy your magazine very much, and I like to hear you over the radio. (I hear you very often.)

KATHERINE E. FISHER,  
Crown Point, Ind.

LINCOLN

Sometimes when I try to study,  
I stop a moment and think,  
As I look at my books and papers.  
My pencils, pens and ink,  
Of a boy who liked to study,  
Who worked by the firelight glow,  
Doing his sums on a shovel—  
His name, I think, you know.  
When I think of the miles he went  
Just for one book to read,  
Then think of the many books I have,  
I feel very rich, indeed.  
Perhaps I may not be famous, but  
I'll try to be brave and true,  
And do the very best I can,  
Just as he used to do.

KATHERINE E. FISHER,  
Crown Point, Ind.



ROBERT LERRY

Dear CHILD LIFE:

My Dad wrote for a year's subscription to your interesting magazine. I now am reading the exciting story, "The Treasure of Belden Place."

This summer, I went down to Asbury Park, where I went in swimming in the surf almost every day. I also went boating and horseback riding. This picture is of me and my dog Chin-Chin, who is a Pekingese. The other dog is my aunt's collie. His name is Captain.

Your sincere subscriber,

ROBERT LEVEY,  
New York City, N. Y.

Age 10.

## New LOW RUG PRICES



[An economy your friends will admire]

[NOW! charming new Velvety Rugs, fine enough for any home, woven from the materials in your old carpets, rugs and clothing. Seamless. Reversible. Any color or size.]

## Sent FREE

Mail Coupon To-day  
for Beautiful BOOK in  
Colors, and SAMPLES

No matter where you live, write for our rug book, *Home Beautifying—Inexpensively*. Rugs in latest colors and patterns are illustrated in rooms arranged by experts. Hundreds of suggestions.

## Your Old Rugs

Carpets and Clothing  
Pay 1/2 the Cost

The materials in all kinds of old carpets, rugs and clothing are *reclaimed like new* by the Patented Olson Process—*died* any colors and *woven* into up-to-date SEAMLESS and REVERSIBLE rugs with the same smooth upstanding nap on both sides to give double wear. Any size. YOUR CHOICE: Taupe, Blue, Brown, Mole, Mahogany, Moss, Mulberry, Rose, etc.

**Free Trial** We guarantee to satisfy you, or pay for your materials. We Pay Freight, Express, or Parcel Post from all states as explained in catalog. Every order shipped in ONE WEEK.

BRANCHES: NEW YORK - ST. LOUIS  
**OLSON RUG CO.**

Write to 32 Laflin Street, Chicago



Free  
Book

MAIL THIS COUPON!

Olson Rug Co., Dept. H-47, 32 Laflin St., Chicago

Gentlemen: Send me your latest rug BOOK in colors, your NEW LOW PRICES, your TRIAL OFFER, and SAMPLES of rug yarn prepared by the Olson Process. To be sent absolutely FREE, all postage paid.

Name.....

Street (R. F. D.).....

Town..... State.....

NOTE—To those writing promptly we will include, FREE, the new Olson Color Guides, a valuable aid in planning new color effects in your home.





*The New*  
**Aristocrat  
of travel**

THE  
**Chief**

**Extra fast  
Extra fine  
Extra fare**

**Brings  
California  
one day  
closer**

**Santa Fe  
"all the way"**

The *Chief* is a sensation—  
a demon for speed! Slips  
smoothly over half a conti-  
nent in two business days  
—Chicago to Los Angeles!

A miracle of travel lux-  
ury—built for those who  
like their life on a train to  
have the refinement of  
home.

The Santa Fe operates  
five famous trains daily to  
California—all of them  
top-notchers in their class.  
But the very best train is  
the new *Chief*. Fred Har-  
vey dining service on the  
Santa Fe is supreme in the  
world of travel.

**Mail this coupon** ➡

Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe Sys.  
1128 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.  
Please mail to me (free) your California Picture  
Book and Grand Canyon Folder.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....

LINCOLN

A long time ago on February the twelfth,  
a little baby was born to Tom Lincoln and  
Nancy Hanks, his wife, in a small log cabin  
in Kentucky. They named the baby  
Abraham.

When Abraham grew to be a man he  
became a rail splitter, then a store clerk,  
then a lawyer; then he was elected Presi-  
dent. As soon as he was elected, he began  
to think of a way to free the southern slaves,  
and after the Civil War, he did free them.

While sitting in a theater, enjoying a  
play, he was shot by Edwin Booth. He died  
the dawn of the next morning in a small  
house across from the theater. The house  
is still standing and it contains many of  
Lincoln's things.

MARY ALAN HOKANSON,  
Ravinia, Ill.



WINIFRED COOK

Dear Miss Waldo:

I was much surprised and delighted to  
find the story of American Indian music  
in the department, "In Musicland," in  
CHILD LIFE. In telling where you  
could find stories of American Indians,  
he referred to "Indian Games and Dances"  
and "Indian Story and Song from North  
America," and "My Indian Boyhood" by  
Eastman. I can add to the list "The  
White Indian Boy." I cannot think who  
wrote it.

My grandfather, Captain James H. Cook,  
owner of Agate Springs ranch, on which  
the agate springs fossil quarries were found,  
was a real, old-time cowboy. He was  
among the cowboys who drove the Texas  
longhorn west, to secure from the Indians,  
the coveted buffaloes. He had many  
exciting experiences, such as having to  
stay in freezing floods for hours to keep  
the cattle from straying, while crossing in  
a storm. After the war, he made many  
Indian friends that have long ago gone to  
the happy hunting ground. Only a very  
few still live. He was a very personal  
friend of the great Sioux chief, Red Cloud.  
The only painting of Red Cloud taken from  
life was made in Grandfather's den. We  
have it among the collection of interesting  
articles of rawhide painted with their own  
paints, porcupine quill embroidery, and  
very artistic beadwork, that were given  
him by the very old Indians.

If this letter is printed, I also would like  
to refer people to the history of Grand-  
father's life as a cowboy, hunter, guide, and  
ranchman, which we persuaded him to  
write. It is the kind of story boys like  
to read, and most girls would enjoy. It is  
called "Fifty Years on the Old Frontier."

I also shall send a picture of myself with  
my Irish harp.

WINIFRED COOK,  
Chadron, Nebr.

Age 11.

# Bonnie Bradley



*The* CAMPBELLS are comin',  
Oho, Oho! . . . Heathy,  
colorful plaids. Warm and  
woolly. Light and comfy.  
Ay—"Bonnie Bradley" is as  
Highlandish an outfit as ever  
braved a blustery breeze . . .  
The Bradley dealer in your  
town has a "Bonnie Bradley"  
for your own wee bairn . . .  
And lots of other woolly  
wearables, too. All made by  
Bradley. Write for the new  
Bradley Style Book.

BRADLEY KNITTING COMPANY  
Delavan, Wisconsin

Slip into a

**Bradley**  
KNIT WEAR

and out-of-doors



## Will Your Child Ever Blame You?

For the Crimes Most Parents Unknowingly Commit Against Their Children?

DOCTORS who specialize in children's diseases tell us that daily thousands of loving parents are unknowingly using methods in bringing up their children which endanger their chance for happiness and success in later life and actually injure their health. And the pitiful part of it is that these parents do not realize the irreparable harm they are doing.

### Do You Know How?

to teach child promptly to obey all commands? to keep child from crying? to develop initiative in child? to suppress temper in child without punishment? to discourage the "Why" habit in regard to commands? to prevent quarreling and fighting? to cure impertinence? Discourtesy? Vulgarity? to remove fear of darkness? Fear of thunder and lightning? Fear of harmless animals? to encourage child to talk? to correct mistakes of early training? to teach punctuality? Perseverance? Carefulness? to instruct child in the delicate matters of sex?

a complete course in Practical Child Training. The Parents Association, devoted to improving the methods of child training, has adopted the Beery system and is teaching the course to its members by mail.

### Send No Money

We shall be glad to send you free of charge our new booklet, *New Methods in Child Training*, together with full particulars of the work of the Association and the special benefits it offers to members.

For the sake of your children, and for your own sake, write for this free booklet now before you lay the magazine aside.

If this booklet answers a few of the questions that have perplexed you, you will be glad that you sent for it. It is showing thousands of sincere American mothers the easy and right way to train their children. And it is only a matter of sending the coupon or a post card.

THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION  
Dept. 982, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION  
Dept. 982, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Please send me your booklet, *New Methods in Child Training*, and information about the Parents Association, free of charge. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Dear Miss Waldo:

I received my membership card and think it is lovely. I am sending you a story about Porto Rico, where I visited for seven months last winter. I hope it is good enough to publish.

Your loving reader,  
HARRIET FRANKLIN,

Age 12.

### PORTO RICO

On my trip to Porto Rico I saw many interesting sights.

The natives are dark with brown eyes and black hair. They wear very little clothing, as the country is warm. The hottest months are September, October, November and December.

My cousin and I went in swimming on Christmas as the temperature of the air was 112. It seemed very odd to be in the water on Christmas Day.

Porto Rico is very mountainous and very beautiful. Oranges, grapefruit, bananas, coconuts, lemons, limes, coffee, sugar cane and cotton all grow there.

My mother, father and cousin (also myself) stayed on the island for seven months, and we learned Spanish pretty well. They still speak it there, even now that Porto Rico has been under the care of the United States for twenty-four years.

We sailed for New York City on April 10, 1924, and arrived in the city on April 14.

HARRIET FRANKLIN,  
Larchmont, N. Y.

Age 12.



SARRA KILSTEIN

Dear CHILD LIFE:

We arrived in New York from Russia on the night of February 6, 1921. I was dazzled by the bright lights, and everything seemed unreal and fairy-like because it was American. I slept that night in my cousin's house, and the next morning we took a train for Boston.

I learned the language very quickly, though at first I made many blunders and found something new every minute, but gradually I grew accustomed to American things and ways, so that everything became every day to me and nothing has happened out of the ordinary ever since.

In school I have always managed to be at the head of the class or somewhere very near there. Last year I made two grades. I am now in the eighth grade. From the very beginning I have taken a great liking for English literature, history, and geography, specially of the African, Asiatic and Latin countries. I have always liked drawing.

Respectfully yours,  
SARRA KILSTEIN,  
Boston, Mass.

Age 13.

## Good Citizens' Honor Roll for November

(Continued from page 109)

Samuel Hallenbeck	Phyllis Pender
Frances Haran	Dorothy Perkins
Violet Harrison	Darrell Perry
Frances Harvey	Donald Perry
Katherine Heisey	Velma Perry
Richard Hendricks	Lester Phillippi
Kent Heppner	Milton Phillippi
Daisy Hess	Hallie Phillips
Helen L. Hill	Ray Phillips
Marguerite Himebaugh	Sophia Piotrowska
Irma A. Himes	Lavenia Poole
Ruth Hobbs	Ruby Poole
Ruby Holtorf	Pearl Price
Dorothea Holtz	Bessie Proffitt
Douglas Houchins	Eleanor Raths
James Houchins	Kathleen Reynold
Deemer Hunt	Fred Rice
Mary Hutchins	Bernice Rich
Betty Hutchison	Willie Richardson
Dale Ihlenfeldt	Edwin Rieke
Everett Irwin	Basil Riese
Ella Jennings	Violet Riese
Mabel Johnson	Frances Ritchie
Elizabeth Joyce	Mary Roberts
Charles Kading	Walter Roberts
Viola Kanis	Mary A. Robinson
Caroline Kapela	Richard Rossier
Jack Kaufman	Margaret Routzahn
Jewell Kennedy	Larry Rowe
Earle Killgrove	Harold Ruff
Gilmore Kirkman	Dorothy Ruoff
Julia Koszowicz	Lenis Rush
Sophia Kowalczyk	Wilbur Rush
Arthur Kowalke	Rudolph Sahle
Caroline Kruschke	Mary Saunders
Marvin Kruschke	Karl Schach
Erville Kruschke	Jan Schnabel
Minerva Kruschke	Dorothy Schold
Albert Kukol	Raymond Schold
John Kukol	Elmer Schwenkel
Sophie Kushner	Robert Scott
Anna Kuzma	Harley Shotliff
Irene Lachel	Edmund Skiba
Edna Lake	Nancy Sloan
Glenn Lammers	Cecil Smith
Charles Larabee	Martha Smith
Ivan Larabee	Earl Stanfield
Hilda Larson	Willard Stebbins
Violet Larson	Hazel Steele
Tom Lazarotto	Marie Steele
Betty Leap	Mary Steele
Virginia Lee	Lucille Stein
Gertrude Leggett	Henry Streeter
Annette Little	Clifford Swanson
Eliza Little	Fayebel Taddie
Lewis Long	Gail Terwilliger
Helen Marlette	Malvina Teson
Barbara Marra	Helen Thiel
Hilda Martyn	Leona Thiel
Ruby Memler	Wayne Thomas
Katherine Merrick	Lena Tingstrom
Hedwig Michalak	John Tooker
Dorothy Miller	Alfred Torchia
Edward Miller	Elsie Valenti
Mary R. Miller	Mary Valenzia
Margaret Minix	Marie Valzman
Minnie Minix	Joseph Vander Voort
Josephine Mocch	Sarah Wagner
Mary F. Morris	Hazel Warchal
Jean Morrison	Ruth Wardell
June Morrison	Nina Wasilik
Marjorie Murdoch	Rose Watkins
Evelyn Murray	Barbara W. Weiler
Estelle McCarthy	Helen Welch
Ida McGivern	Helen Welter
Robert McGraw	Rex West
Virginia Naslund	Georgia Wetherelt
Ruth Nett	Dora Whipple
Angeline Notaro	Irma Wickersham
Henry Obodzinski	Virginia Wiezbicki
Bobby O'Kelly	Beatrice Wilewski
Lutitia O'Kelly	Ottie Willich
Grace Osgood	Dorene Wine
Grace Otto	Edd Wine
Nellie Page	Isabel Winebreuner
Alvin Pagel	Cora Wright
Edith Palmer	Maudie Wyatt
Ellen Palmer	Zella Yoder
Elizabeth Patton	Katherine Zeis
Robert Pecorra	

## Honor Roll for October

Paul Andrew	Mildred Griffiths
Mary Appleton	Ella Grider
Catherine Beck	Annie B. Guillot
Ruth Beckman	Jane Guthrie
Elmer Beier	Ruth Harris
Lucile Beier	Ruth Hayner
Walter Beier	Betty Hutchison
Ernestine Bell	Viola Kanis
Robert Bevier	Earl Killgrove
Madonna Brannon	Virginia King
Josephine Breeze	Maxine Kitch
Dorothy Buckley	Anna Kuzma
Richard Burnham	Marvin Lacroix
Anitabel Byrne	Hilda Larson
Carroll Connelly	Violet Larson
Troy Crawford	Altha Leggett
Harold Daniels	Gertrude Leggett
Lois Davenport	Paul Mengel
Willie M. Eggerton	Jessie M. Miller
Violet Gitslaff	Nona Monks
Alvin Gordon	Edna Morgan
Helen Griffiths	Marjorie Morgan

(Continued on following page)

Honor Roll for October

Continued from previous page

Mary F. Morris  
Marjorie Murdoch  
Edith Nalley  
Donald Nelson  
Marjorie Nelson  
Ruth Nichols  
Grace Otto  
Alvin Pagel  
Edith Palmer  
Ellen Palmer  
Helen Phillips  
Blanche Pipal  
Lavenia Poole  
Raymond Quira  
Marie Reiser  
Basil Riese

Violet Riese  
Dorothy Roberts  
Elinor Roberts  
Anna F. Robinson  
Mary A. Robinson  
Patricia Robinson  
Raymond Schold  
Wellington Sechler  
Marjorie Shawhan  
Robert Thomas  
Dorene Wine  
Edd Wine  
Maudie Wyatt  
Katherine Zeis  
Roy Zumalt



JOSEPH F. GYLE

Dear Miss Waldo:

I read CHILD LIFE every month and I loved "The Shoe Tree." I had a lovely time down in Honolulu last summer, and I drove a train engine that hauled torpedoes at the Navy Station. I saw the Marines every day, who guarded the ammunition so the Island would not blow up. I, also, went on a submarine and when I came home I went on a destroyer. and I hope some day, I shall be able to go on a battleship and I, also, would like to go on a sub-chaser.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH GYLE,  
San Francisco, Calif.

Age 8 1/2.



RAYMOND HYKE

Dear Miss Waldo:

I would like to become a member of your Joy Givers' Club. Mother gave me CHILD LIFE for my birthday.

I shall be nine years old this month. I have a dog named Sunny-boy. I like to ride horseback more than anything else. Here is my picture in my cowboy suit taken on my aunt's farm, where I am going to spend one week during my vacation.

Your friend,

RAYMOND HYKE,  
Lewiston, Idaho.

Age 9.

# Children's properly built Shoes



from  
\$5.00



from  
\$7.75

new effects in patent  
leather dress slippers

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NEW YORK  
PALM BEACH MIAMI BEACH



### "CHICAGO"

RUBBER TIRES

Noiseless and Shock Absorbing!

Mother will be glad to get you a pair of "CHICAGOS." They are so Silent and will last several years longer.

"CHICAGOS" have ball-bearing disc wheels for more speed and they are cushioned in noiseless shock absorbing rubber tires for comfort and perfect skating joy.

The only successful rubber tire roller skate made. Ask for "CHICAGOS"—they are Guaranteed.

At your Hardware or Sporting Goods Dealer or shipped direct on receipt of \$4.00.

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Join Our Club—  
Roll on Rubber  
No membership Fee—  
Just send name and address with 10c to cover postage and mailing for "Club Skate Pin, Monthly Prizes, Open To All."  
Write Today



**GIVEN** **Wrist Watch**  
Guaranteed platinum case, jeweled movement. Latest tonneau style, handsomely engraved case, blue sapphire crown. Sell only 30 large packs Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c pkts. remit per plan in our Free catalog. Send for seeds today, we trust you till sold  
**1927 FORD FREE**  
50 other extra prizes  
**AMERICAN SEED CO. Dept. C-194 Lancaster, Pa.**

## Cuticura Talcum

Is Soothing  
**For Baby's Skin**  
Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere.

From Factory to Your  
Home



Four  
Piece  
Set  
\$21.50

Fine Cil-Ver-Cord Woven Fibre in Cream Gray, Fawn or Silver-dew. Height of settee and chairs to seat—11". Height of settee and chairs to top of back—25". Table 8x21".

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TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Save Foot Trouble  
and Shoe Expense

The ideal play shoe to develop children's feet properly.

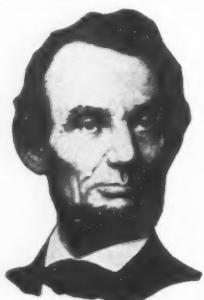
Style 3254 smoked elk.  
Style 3251 tan elk.  
6 1/2-10—\$2.95.

Sizes 2-6—\$2.75  
Illustrated folder on correct care of children's feet on request.

Sent direct on receipt of m.o. or check if your dealer cannot supply you.

BERKSHIRE FOOTWEAR CORP. Dept. L. Holliston, Mass.





### Abraham Lincoln and the Harmonica

On one of his journeys for a debate with Douglas, Abraham Lincoln picked out of his pocket a little harmonica and played upon it, seeming to get happiness in the playing thereon. Says Carl Sandburg in "Lincoln, The Prairie Years": "Someone remarked about his playing on the harmonica and he said: 'This is my band; Douglas had a brass band with him in Peoria, but this will do for me.'"

Back in the days when Abraham Lincoln was engaged in his world-famous debates with Stephen A. Douglas, the Hohner factories were engaged in making "The World's Best" Harmonicas. Today, Hohner Harmonicas are available at leading dealers the world over. Ask for the Free Instruction Book. M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 187, 114 East 16th St., New York City.



### MRS. BURT'S SCHOOL For Tiny Tots (1 to 12 years)



**SPECIALIZED** care for young children. Wide shaded lawns, swings, see-saws, sandpiles, etc. Supervised outdoor play among happy little companions. Sound education, music, dancing, thorough training. Experienced physician and nurse.

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### Educate Your Child at Home

by the famous Calvert School method. Correspondence Courses from Kindergarten to High School. The Headquarters in Baltimore gives the lessons, furnishes all materials, books, corrects, guides and grades the work. Write for free booklet. Address the **CALVERT SCHOOL**  
Manager 236 W. 40th St., Baltimore, Md.



### See EUROPE Intelligently and in Comfort!

Henry Purmort Eames' Summer Travel Party. His eighth and best tour sails in June 17, 1927 for 72 wonderful days.

Address Mr. EAMES  
American Conservatory, Kimball Hall  
CHICAGO

## WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

### NOVEMBER COLOR CONTEST

#### SOLUTION

Kiwi. Color: Reddish brown, darker on the back.

#### WINNERS

GWENDOLYN MacMULLIN, 622 Long-acre Blvd., Yeadon, Pa., age 10.

MAURICE M. SMITH, 2926 West St., Ames, Iowa, age 8.

WILMA DYKEMAN, Beaverdam Road, Asheville, N. C., R.F.D. No. 1, age 6.

AVERY SCHNUCHEL, 8122 Avalon Ave., Chicago, Ill., age 12.

#### HONOR ROLL

Cornelia Aldridge  
Janet Ash  
Betty Brize  
Louis Bronson  
Annette Beasley  
Katharine Blackmore  
Thyra J. Brady  
Lucinda Corcoran  
Frieda Cotton  
Virginia Culbreath  
Carol Casgrain  
Albert Cooley  
Barbara Crim  
Iona E. Cole  
Glenn E. Dill, Jr.  
Dorothy Davis  
Ruth Davie  
Mary Dunlap  
Tommy A. Dickey  
Mary J. Earon  
Dorothy Eisele  
Elizabeth Edmunds  
Marjorie Gregory  
Isabel Green  
Dorothy Hoyt  
Mary Horton  
Gene Hopkins  
Jeanne Hempel  
Margaret Haas  
Katherine Heideman  
Ronald Henry

Jean Heffelfinger  
Ruth Keller  
Paul Kopp  
Wesley Kroghdahl  
Virginia A. Monroe  
Jay Medford  
Mary A. Materi  
Nancy Ogden  
Beatrice Passage  
Anna M. Parks  
Eugenia Peek  
Dorothy Patterson  
Lyle Roseberry  
Melvin O. Ritter  
Walter Spanne  
Janet Stulz  
Mary Stalwick  
Sheila Saxton  
Nina Tish  
Doris J. True  
Richard Totman  
Achille Volpe  
Wesley Vaughn  
Van John Wolf  
Roland Wilson  
G. Watson  
Mida Welch  
Fred Windham  
Mary A. Wright  
Fern Winters  
Clara Wick

Evelyn Zink

Dear Miss Waldo:

Please may I be a member of the Joy Givers' Club? I will send you my poem. I am a little American girl, but we have been in India always except for one year. I have a new "mama" doll and her name is Margaret.

With lots of love from  
SARA LIZBETH OGDEN,  
Camp Kasganj, U. P., India

#### SONG

A little birdie flying  
In the blue, blue sky.  
High, so high.  
Shining in the sunshine,  
Oh, so bright!  
I love to hear it sing  
When it sings with all its might.

Age 8.

SARA LIZBETH OGDEN

### RADIO-RING

MUSIC FROM YOUR FINGER

This exquisite ring with distinctive, many-faceted stones is a COMPLETE RADIO SET. SPECIAL offer Xmas price only 50c.

Sec. Guaranteed to bring in locals clearly wherever you are, or money back. APPROVED AND ENDORSED BY POPULAR RADIO Laboratories. Mail name and 50c in full payment to Mr. Moore.

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P. O. Box 10, Station 1 (Eye), New York, N. Y.



### Clear Up Bloodshot Eyes this Safe Way

When your eyes become bloodshot from over-use, lack of sleep or exposure to sun, wind, dust or tobacco smoke, apply a few drops of harmless MURINE. Soon they will be clear again and will feel as fine as they look. MURINE contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients. Try it.

Write The Murine Company, Dept. 90,  
Chicago, for FREE Book on Eye Beauty

## MURINE

FOR YOUR  
EYES



**Safe  
Milk  
and Food**  
For INFANTS,  
Children, Invalids  
and for All Ages

### 6% AND SAFETY

Invest your funds in our Real Estate Mortgage Securities. Never a loss of principal or interest. You can invest from \$100 up.

Write us for particulars

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1310 Equitable Bldg. Des Moines, Iowa

**FLASHLIGHT GIVEN**

1927 FORD FREE

**OR CHOICE WATCH, CAMERA OR RIFLE**

for selling 30 PACKS assorted Vegetable and FLOWER seeds at 10c per large pack. Easily sold: EARN BIG MONEY or premiums. We Trust You.

**AMERICAN SEED COMPANY**  
Lancaster, Pa.  
Dept. 194

### FILMS—BOYS—FILMS

Largest and Finest Stock in the Country.

Tom Mix—Chaplin—Johnny Hines—Baby Peggy  
All the Best Stars

200 foot lengths \$1.50 postpaid. Complete stories. 1000 feet \$3.50 per reel up. List Free

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### To Teach Your Children Through Pictures Use Moore Push-Pins

Glass Heads—Steel Points

For Heavy Pictures

**Moore Push-less Hangers**

Scientifically Secure Safety

10c pkts. Everywhere

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

## WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

### DECEMBER COLOR CONTEST

#### SOLUTION

Umbretta, known in South Africa as hammer-kop (Hammer-head). Color: umber brown, handsomely glossed with purplish. Bill black, feet brown

#### WINNERS

MARY HILLS, 1332 Balfour Road, Grosse Pointe, Mich., age 12.  
DUKE TAYLOR, JR., Center, Tex., Box 56, age 10.  
BARBARA JEAN SMITH, 2926 West St., Ames, Iowa, age 7.  
ROBERT WILLIAMS, 15 E. Gedry, Stockton, Calif., age 8.

#### HONOR ROLL

Marjorie Allen	Ina McComb
Janet Ash	Ruth McConnell
Nina B. Astin	Dan McDonald
Margaret Benjamin	Marjorie McShane
Carol Blanning	Charles McVoy
Henrietta Bliss	Neva Neal
Edgar N. Braddy	Mary L. Newman
Wesley Brandt	Fred Niles
Robert Brew	Dorothy Patterson
Jeanne Bruere	Otto Peterson
Rich Brunt	Mary J. Platt
Virginia Burk	Mary L. Randall
Robert Buttlerman	Fred L. Reed
Catharine Cady	John Richey
Eleanor Caldwell	Dorothy Roach
Cecil Chilton	Mary L. Robinson
Mildred Christopher	Gretchen Runge
Sue Crawford	Lady G. Sanders
Velma Dauth	Dorothea Savage
Elvora Degree	Marian Saxe
Marguerite Delaney	Henry Shull
Verna Ellison	Otha Smith
Gwenivere Erikson	La Verne J. Staley
Jean Frederick	Janet Stamats
Pauline Gardiner	Mary E. Stull
Ruth E. Green	Charles Sullivan, Jr.
Mary J. Harryman	Leslie Sunderman
Adelyn J. Hastings	Margaret V. Surratt
Edna V. Haygood	Ruth Switzer
Winifred Hughes	Jean Toffee
Jane Hunsaker	Billy L. Turner
Kathleen Jones	La Verne Van Loo
Miriam Kaarts	Annie L. Vansant
Virginia Kessler	Margaret Voda
Elizabeth King	Lucille Walker
Marilynn Knowlton	Betty Wallis
Edith Kuechenmeister	Harry Walter
Joseph Lash	Emma Watkins
Olga Langensand	Dorothy Williams
Ruth Le Combe	Ellen Wilson
Alice Mack	Lorna Wilson
Catherine Massie	Van John Wolf
Mary E. Merrill	Robert Wurst
Mary Edith Mills	John C. Yates
Helen Mitchell	Florence Yount



EDWIN W. JONES

Dear Miss Waldo:

I like CHILD LIFE and have had it given to me for four years.

I live on a farm and one of my father's and mother's friends let me keep their pony all winter. I am inclosing a picture of the pony, my brother and me. In the picture I am driving the pony, and my brother Giffin is riding beside me.

Sincerely yours,

EDWIN WALDO JONES,  
Fond du Lac, Wis.

Age 10.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am sending you a picture of my three little playmates, with me in my coaster wagon. Their names are Lucile, Henry and Calvin. I am five years old and my mother reads me poems and stories in CHILD LIFE every month. I like the pictures in the books as much as I do the stories. I want to join the Joy Givers' Club.

Your little friend,

BILLY RYAN,  
Greenville, Ala.

Age 5.



BILLY RYAN

#### Children Who Want Letters

REQUESTS for letters from children must be accompanied by the written consent of parent or guardian. Lack of space prevents our using more names and addresses each month.

Minette Latts, 709 2nd Ave., W., Ashland, Wis., age 11½.

Lucille Meyer, 2324 Clarke St., Milwaukee, Wis., age 12.

Dorothy Richards, Cadman's Neck, S. Westport, Mass., age 10½.

Rowena Dickenson, 436 Fifth St., Greenville, N. C.

Elizabeth Bradford, Box 15, Estes Park, Colo.

Miriam Hilton, Mercer, Maine, age 8.

Anna M. Kip, The Ark, Bay Head, N. J., age 11.

Jeanette Bodine, Gladstone, N. J., age 10.

Emma Shutts, R. D. 3, Waverly, N. Y., age 11.

Eleanor Sullucin, Rt. 3, Box 33, Emmett, Idaho, age 11.

Janice L. Young, Poquessing Ave., Somerton, Philadelphia, Pa., age 11.

Elinor Peterson, 423 W. 7th St., Larned, Kan., age 12.

Edna M. Kimmell, Harlingen, Texas, age 12.

Viola Shepard, Route 1, Box 37 A, Ridgefield, Wash., age 12.

Leslie Presley, 1158 Sherman Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio, age 7.

George Presley, 1158 Sherman Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio, age 12.

Emily Barclay, 205 Lippincott Ave., Riverton, N. J., age 9.

Barbara Willits, Ogden Ave., Swarthmore, Pa., age 10.

Dorothy J. Rieke, 4542 N. Knox Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mildred Buchta, 266 East Ave., E. Norwalk, Conn., age 9.

Olive Odell, Box 97, Frederic, Mich.

## BEAUTIFUL HAIR

### For Mother and Child



Would you like to read a book about the thrilling discovery of Kotalko among the ancient Cherokee Indians. It tells quite a wonderful, romantic story, and is published by us. It will be sent you, free, on request.

Now, Kotalko is being used all over the world by mothers for their own hair

and for their children's hair. Also by other members of the family.

Kotalko is considered unsurpassed by legions for falling hair, dandruff, dry scalp, baldness, etc. Enthusiastic men, women and children who owe their lovely hair to Kotalko, call it the True Hair Grower.

#### FREE Trial Box

To prove the efficacy of Kotalko for men's, women's and children's hair, the producers are giving Proof Boxes. Use coupon or write today, to

KOTAL CO., A-605, Station L, New York

Please send me FREE Proof Box of KOTALKO, also Special Book

Name .....

Address .....



## Can You Use More Money?

### THE CHILD LIFE MER- CHANDISING DIVISION

is in a unique position to help a few ambitious mothers to secure additional luxuries the feminine heart desires—to give to their children advantages they would otherwise forego, to earn the automobile they dream of—by devoting spare hours to unusually interesting work for some of the manufacturers who advertise in CHILD LIFE.

Just fill out the coupon below—

### We will do the rest

Sales experience is not necessary—only the ability to meet people in a friendly way.

E. EVALYN GRUMBINE  
Advertising Manager, CHILD LIFE

Merchandising Division, CHILD LIFE  
536 South Clark Street  
Chicago, Illinois

I am interested in your plan by which I may turn my spare time into dollars. Tell me about it.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....



### SCOTTISH TERRIER

The ideal dog for children. Young Stock now ready.

Prices reasonable

LOGANBRAE KENNELS  
Rutland, Vt.

### A Cozy Den for Your Dog KEN-L-DEN

The New, Patent Dog House

5 sizes, \$10.00 to \$22.50. Card brings full description.

KENNEL GARDENS  
Dept. C St. Clairsville, O.



### ST. BERNARDS

Champion bred pups from the finest pedigreed prize winning stock. Scientifically raised to develop size, beauty and intelligence. Not how cheap, but how good!

RIVEREDGE KENNELS

DEPT. L.  
C. F. McDONALD, Owner  
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**FOR YOUR DOGS and PUPS**  
Feed the BEST—That's  
**Perfection Dog Food**  
Insist upon Perfection at your Pet Shop, Sporting Goods or Feed Stores or order our Special introductory Offer of 5 lbs. at 75c or 10 lbs. at \$1.25 Shipped, prepaid, anywhere in U. S. Literature FREE  
**PERFECTION FOODS CO.**  
Post Bldg., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

### PEKINGESE

This Is Me

I may be little and soft and plump,  
But my heart is big and true.  
My mistress says now I'm quite big  
enough  
To leave my dear mother—for you.



Write at once for descriptions and pictures from the largest and best appointed kennels in the world.

\$25 up

MRS. MABEL A. BAXTER  
Telephone 418  
Great Neck, Long Island

### START THE YEAR RIGHT AND ORDER



### WATSON'S DOG BRUSHES



It keeps dog Sanitary—Good Natured—Hair Smooth and Clean.

COMBINATION BOXES CONTAIN TWO BRUSHES ONE DOLLAR. West of Mississippi River \$1.13.  
Beagle, Boston Terrier, Bull Dog, Bull Terrier, Fox Terrier Smooth, Dalmatian, Fox Hound, Grey Hound, Pinscher Doberman, Pointer.

COMBINATION BOXES CONTAIN TWO BRUSHES TWO DOLLARS. West of Mississippi River \$2.23.  
Airedale, Cairn Terrier, Chow, Collie, Eskimo, Setter, Shepherd, German Police, Newfoundland, Sealyham Terrier, St. Bernard, Wolfhound.

COMBINATION BOXES CONTAIN THREE BRUSHES TWO DOLLARS. West of Mississippi River \$2.23.  
Pekingese, Pomeranians, Wasco Special.

WASCO LARGE COMBINATION CONTAINS SIX BRUSHES THREE DOLLARS.  
West of Mississippi River \$3.23.

GREAT DANE BRUSH B-25-C SIXTY CENTS. West of Mississippi River SEVENTY THREE CENTS.  
ONE BRUSH B-22-C SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS. West of Mississippi River EIGHTY EIGHT CENTS.  
Fox Terrier Wire, Irish Terrier, Scottish Terrier, Pinscher Wire, Welsh Terrier.

ONE BRUSH LONG HAIR DOGS C-21-CD \$1.10. West of Mississippi River \$1.33.  
Chesapeake Bay, Samoyedes, Spaniels.

Mention Child Life when ordering—If brushes are not satisfactory, money refunded and return postage sent.

L. S. WATSON MFG. CO. - - - Leicester, Mass.

### MY DOG

I HAVE a little dog,  
She never tries to fight,  
But when I have a bone for her,  
She barks with great delight.

ROSALYND JANNETT

11 yrs. Milwaukee, Wisconsin

### SPOT

I HAVE a little dog  
We call her Spot  
A very long tail  
My little dog's got.

She doesn't like milk  
But is crazy 'bout meat,  
She's fat as butter  
And can't be beat.

MARGIE O'CONNELL

Age 9 Coolidge, Mont

### Boston Terriers

A few choice specimens, both sexes, of the best possible breeding. Prices \$30.00 up.

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